

# SPV

## Little Men

HOW THE RUNTS  
HAVE TAKEN OVER —

AND WHY WE  
ARE POWERLESS  
TO STOP THEM

\*\*\*\*\*  
BATTLE OF  
THE NETWORK  
EVANGELISTS

\*\*\*\*\*  
PEE-WEE HERMAN  
VS. EVERYBODY





AD. DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PHOTO: WAYNE MASER © GUESS, INC. 1987







*georges  
marciano*

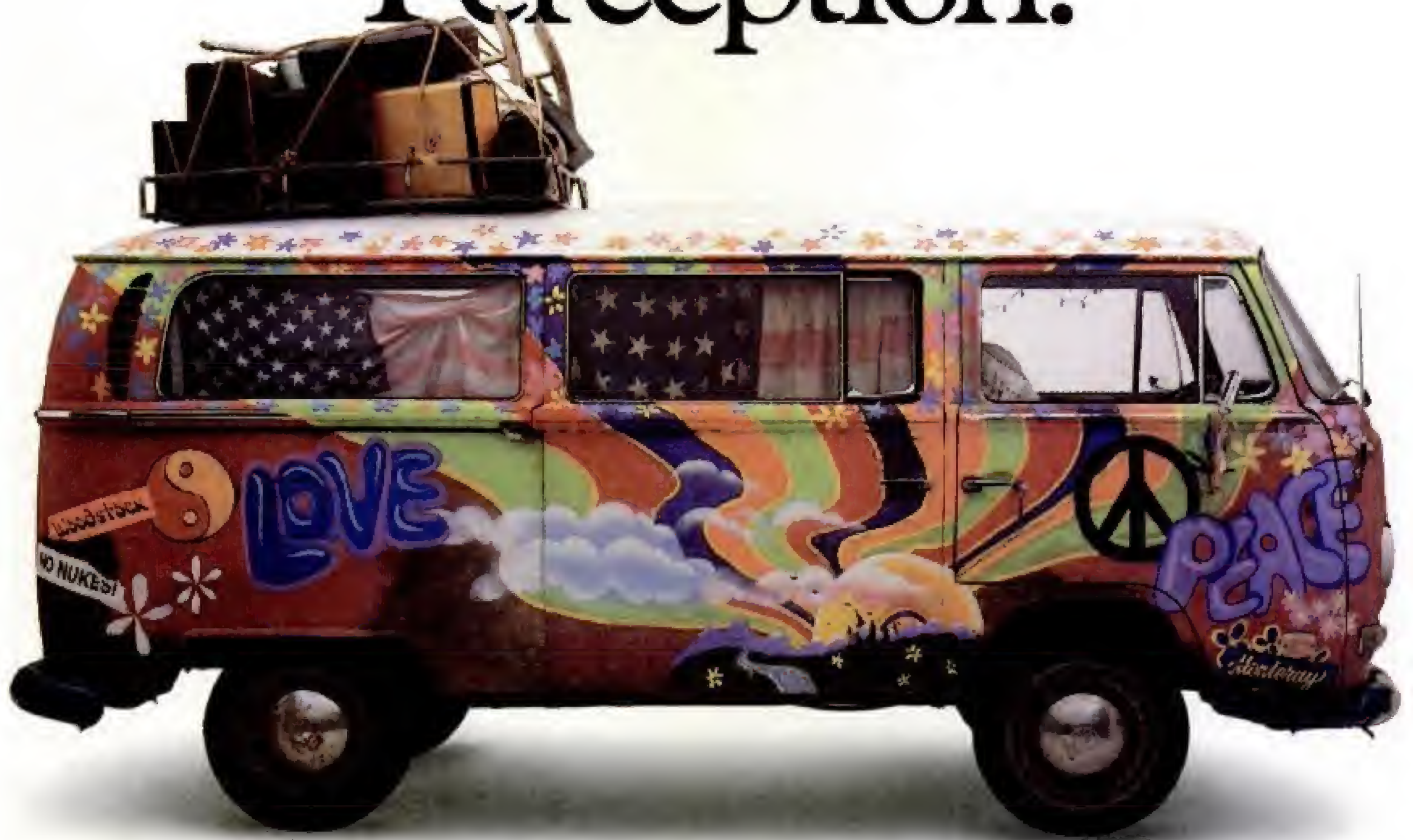
This One



P7RB-KQU-BH33



# Perception.





# Reality.



If you still think a Rolling Stone reader's idea of standard equipment is flowers on the door panels and incense in the ashtrays, consider this: Rolling Stone households own 7,966,000 automobiles. If you've got cars to sell, welcome to the fast lane.

Source: Simmons 1986

## **Rolling Stone**



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*Crumbling cookie empires  
Asian political tongue twisters  
behind Abe Rosenthal's blue*



#### NAKED CITY

*and small cowering mammals. The lighter side of George Bush, some  
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*Fasten your borscht belt and take a ride through the Russian Tea Room.*



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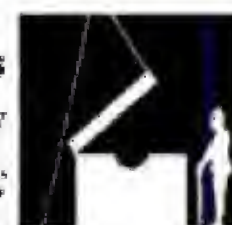
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*before they're made;  
watches spoiled children  
and JOEY GREEN*

#### OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

*By ROY BLOUNT JR. 64*





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**“Our shoes aren’t the only thing we encourage you to wear.”**  
**—Kenneth Cole**

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the American Foundation for AIDS Research.



As of April 7, Mary Beth Whitehead had received 500 letters from strangers, Oliver North had received 1,500, and Faren Hall had received a letter addressed simply to MODEL-SECRETARY, WASHINGTON D.C.



# June is so darn American

JUNE IS SO DARN AMERICAN, EVEN IN THE GREAT UN-AMERICAN METROPOLIS OF NEW YORK. WE MAY NOT HAVE HULA-HOOPING ON THE LAWN or twilight trips to the Dairy Queen or streets lined with white picket fences—but white pickets we do have, glamorous strikers galore. The media—as they like to call themselves—are suddenly militant. The Directors Guild is ready for a mass anklng at the end of this month. At Time Inc. the Newspaper Guild is threatening to strike, and the writers and producers at NBC News have been itching to walk out, too. For weeks the Writers Guild was on strike against the other two networks' news divisions. (No professional writers on duty! Maybe that's why Dan Rather has been sounding so... weird: *Hi. This are the CBS Evening News.... Today was kind of a pretty okay day around America today, hopefully....*) But as always, a silver lining could be found: because of the Writers Guild strike, Andy



Rooney was for a little while ● threatening to resign from CBS. ☺ Until he quits or dies,

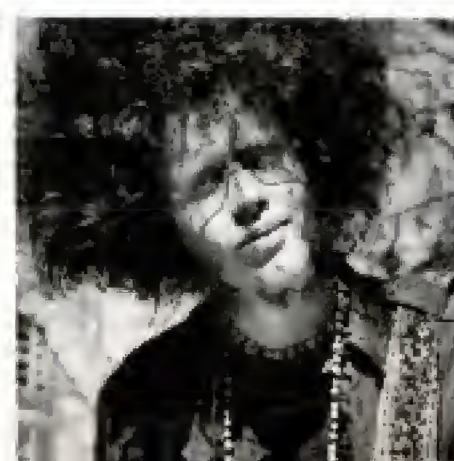
Rooney will get \$400,000 a year from CBS for his screechy, scratchy *60 Minutes* soliloquies. Purged CBS chairman Thomas Wyman, on the other hand, will get \$400,000 a year for life (plus \$4.3 million and the happy memories of making silly gestures to Vera Copula at Black Rock) *because* he quit. The moral: it is



more lucrative to be dull than to be grating, although both can pay handsomely. ☺ You would think that a Drexel Burnham Lambert vice president would, at least for the time being, conduct his financial affairs with some discretion. Not Robert Kramer, the Drexel VP and commodities option trader who allegedly took \$400,000 (the magic number) of his own money

in cash and—without notifying the proper authorities, the authorities allege—flew off to the Bahamas. Kramer tried to come back to the States, the authorities further allege, with \$88,000. On the one hand, the man from Drexel may have committed a merely technical regulatory violation. On the other hand, we could lynch him. ☺ Six-figure sums of cash!

Caribbean getaways! Corporate for cocaine! How much *richer* when the news resembles a con- with a Century City agent.



stock traded life is versation Just as





they started shooting a movie in New York about corrupt financiers, called *Wall Street*, squads of federal Giulianioids arrested 17 young Wall Street brokers and their clerks for running a cocaine ring. On the one hand, we must presume the defendants innocent until proven guilty. On the other hand, we could lynch them.

The people who really watch television evangelists—in other words, those Americans most culturally predisposed to lynching—seem not to blame Jim Bakker for his silly gesture to Vera Copula. *The New York Times* surveyed these people, and 43 percent said they thought “the Devil was responsible” for Bakker’s troubles. *Good answer!*, as the contestants on *Family Feud* used to be instructed to shout. And kudos to the *Times* for inventing a polling approach that will finally elicit honest answers from the cretinous and the insane. *If the election for president were held today, we would ask next, would you be most likely to vote for Gary Hart, Jack Kemp, Pat Robertson—or the Devil?*

Or Alexander Haig? Rolland Smith, the square-jawed android who cohosts *The Morning Program* on CBS, emceed the Waldorf-Astoria fundraising dinner at which



Haig announced his presidential candidacy. Smith is putatively a journalist, but that night, he explains, he was merely being well known. “I was there strictly as a local celebrity,” Smith pronounced. “In no way should that be confused with an endorsement.” He says the unseemliness of doing the Haig gig “never occurred” to him. Lynch him, you think?

Someday, somewhere, we’re betting that Al “I’m in Control Here” Haig will be put on trial for something. And found guilty. In western Massachusetts the trial of Abbie Hoffman and Amy Carter for disorderly

conduct—a campus anti-CIA demonstration—ended with an acquittal. (*Pigs off campus! Pigs off campus!*) Ramsey Clark and Daniel Ellsberg testified for the defense. (*Strike! Strike! Strike!*) Are complicated handshakes coming back into vogue? SPY, you will recall, predicted a sixties revival; here it is. This power of ours to control lives and events is eerie.

We are, of course, on the eve of the twentieth anniversary of the Summer of Love. So if you’re going to San Francisco, use your American Express Platinum Card to book your flight at least 14 days in advance, try to get one of the bigger rear tables at Chez Panisse, and be sure to wear some flowers in your hair. If, instead, you’re vacationing in our nation’s capital, don’t expect to get a glimpse of the president. As the weather gets warm Reagan is scheduled to be out among the cretinous and the insane in America, trying to get popular again—traveling the land of hula-hooping on the lawn and twilight trips to the Dairy Queen and streets lined with white picket fences. A presidential aide explained why. “Everybody feels he is most effective,” the aide said, “when he’s out of Washington.” ☺

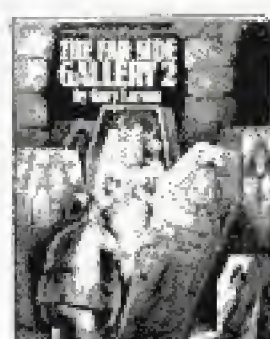


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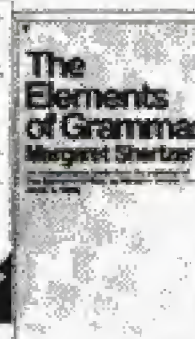
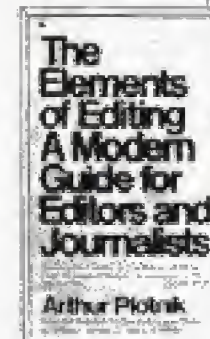


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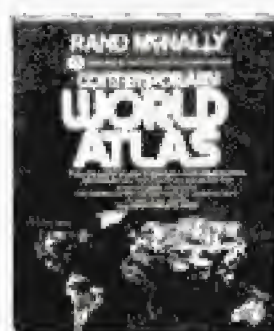


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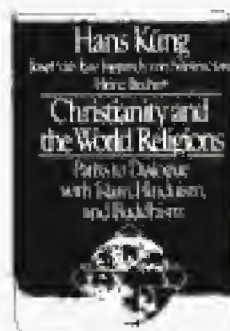
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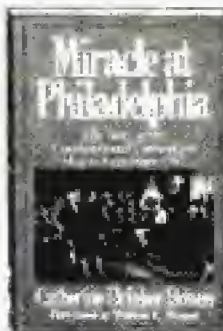
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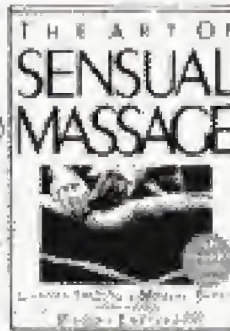
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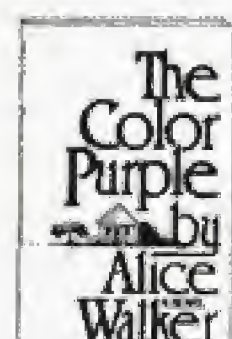
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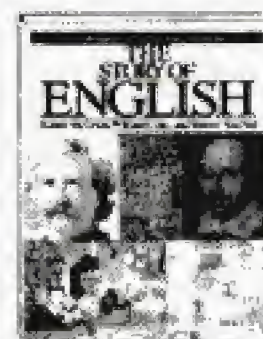
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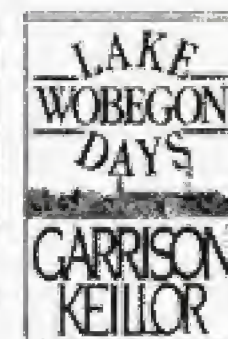
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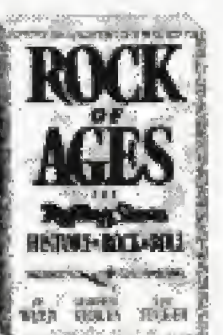
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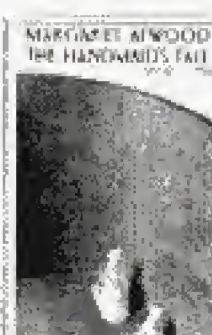
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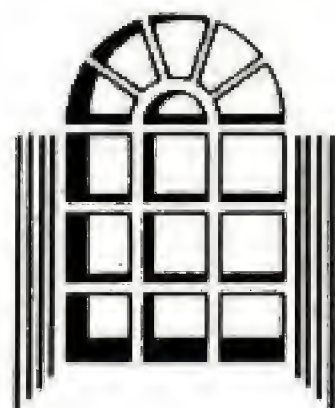
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With this issue we begin encroaching on an already crowded Letters page by introducing a regular note from the SPY mailroom. This is that note. We think of it as an observation deck from which to comment on incoming mail and tangential issues. In keeping with the spirit of the magazine, we expect to indulge in snap judgments, sweeping generalizations and vitriol. Enjoy.

First things first. Xander Mellish (real name—honest) writes from West Berlin to say that he finds the SPY Letters page “extraordinarily lame” compared with the rest of the magazine. He then wonders whether we print every letter we get. Clearly, we do not.

Leslie Goodman-Malamuth (her real name, too) of Washington, D.C., offers another Holden Caulfield analogy to add to Howard Kaplan’s “Caulfield Clones” (April). She says that her 1975 paperback version of Anne Bernays’s *Growing Up Rich* includes the blurb “Does for adolescent girls much what *Catcher in the Rye* did for adolescent boys.” A woman who wrote some months ago to accuse us of being socialites manqués is now back with a résumé, asking for a job. A *Times* reporter sends us “just a fan letter”—no need to be demure!—and praises in particular the feature on Sondra Gotlieb and the celebrity memoir foldout (March). And a business magazine editor claims to have read “every word of every issue” and confesses, “I cannot satisfactorily explain why it has taken me this long to write and tell you how much I like SPY.” Try! Do you suppose we enjoy working in a vacuum, with no—what is the word—*feedback*? Many’s the night we’ve wandered listlessly home well before midnight, depressed by the notion of praise selfishly withheld. Think about that—all of you—next time you almost write. ☺



#### JOINING US LATE?

For back issues of SPY, write to us at The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Enclose \$3.50 per copy, please.

DEAR EDITORS **H**ere I am recommending, invoking, citing SPY all the time, pushing you guys on my friends, so of course I relied on your April Datebook to remind me about daylight saving time. I assured my girlfriend that everything was under control, but we lost an hour on Sunday the fifth—and she blamed me, not her favorite magazine.

Understandable mistake on your part, though. Daylight savings traditionally starts on the last Sunday in April, but an act of Congress passed last summer added three weeks of springtime daylight to make highways safer (most accidents occur at night), to save energy (sic) and to appease sporting-goods and outdoor-barbecue lobbyists (J. Phillip Halstead, who led the drive, said the added time equals “4 million more golf tee-offs”).

Perhaps these are trivial details, but the fine print is what I love best about SPY and why I tolerate the Pat Buckley masks, features on her dogs and pictures of her eating peanut butter as if it were something else.

Bob Mack  
National Review  
New York

*An hour ahead? Good lord, when did you say this happened?*

DEAR EDITORS **I** greatly enjoyed Celeste de Brunhoff’s April column on editors’ Letters. You omitted, however, my favorite Tina Brown boner: in the February 1986 issue she referred to a New York City business executive as having “a skyscraper under his belt.”

John Hart  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DEAR EDITORS **K**udos on your April issue—especially for Jamie Malanowski’s “Mets vs. Yankees.” I must disagree, however, on one point, in the Political Affiliation category: how can one consider the Mets Democrats and the Yanks Republicans when tickets at Shea go for \$6 *cheapest*, whereas Yankee Stadium bleacher tickets are a mere \$3 (general admission, \$4.50)?

Isn’t baseball—by definition the great American sport—a Republican phenomenon anyway?

L. E. Agnelli  
New York

DEAR EDITORS **I** like your magazine very much, although I’m not from New York City and would never live there (I even hate to visit). My sister gave me the subscription. She lives in New York City; she’s wealthy and chic, but too intelligent to be a Brat. Anyway, I’m writing to tell you that I’ve canceled my subscription to *National Lampoon*, and SPY has become my humor magazine.

P.S. I’m half Jewish, but you haven’t offended me yet.

Donald Kahn  
Colrain, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS **J**ust a short note to congratulate you on your success with SPY.

Your on-sale date became the high point of my recent months.

Each new issue strikes a different, soundly felt, funny chord about living in New York.

J. Edward Troncelliti  
New York

DEAR EDITORS **I**’d just like to join the ranks of your confirmed admirers. You publish the *only* periodical I read from cover to cover.

I’ve just completed your latest issue on my way to work, snickering uncontrollably

## LETTERS TO SPY

on the subway all the way from Brooklyn.

I was so dismayed, though, on reading your March issue (in the article entitled “Too Rich & Too Thin”), to learn that someone where I work is holding out on me. Generally, for the past year and a half, I have seen most of the donations to the Costume Institute as they come in.

In fact, my boss, Kim (a subscriber to your magazine), and I are the very two who label and put away the “couture castoffs.” I wish I could discover *who* has sent things out to have their vomit stains removed behind my very back!

At any rate, it was one of the most hilarious things yet printed (in history, I mean) and had me in such a state that my fellow Brooklynites on the No. 4 train were sure I had snapped.

Deirdre Donohue  
Assistant, Costume Institute  
The Metropolitan Museum of Art  
New York



# N AKED CITY




## f THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski


### THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FINE DINING: TOSS THOSE COOKIES

Each Sunday in the *Times*, the week's restaurant health code violations appear. Here are relatively more complete explanations of some that have appeared recently. (Note: the violations listed here represent conditions at the time of the inspections, not those that diners will necessarily find now.)

#### MRS. FIELDS COOKIES

50 Fulton Street  
Mrs. Fields lacked a Health Department permit to operate, a valid food protection certificate and self-inspection records. Also, the stairway to the basement was dirt-encrusted; clothes, garbage containers and cleaning equipment were stored directly on the floor; and numerous flies and roaches were found in the basement. In addition, chocolates were left in open paper containers, exposed to contamination.   

#### MRS. FIELDS COOKIES

4 World Trade Center  
Mrs. Fields lacked an operating permit, a food protection certificate and an exterminator's report. Inspectors also found that the bathroom door was not self-closing. 

(continued)

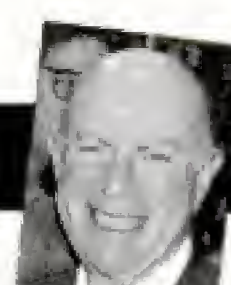
## THE USUAL SUSPECTS



V. NAVASKY



L. HART



L. TISCH

IT DOES NOT in any way diminish the credibility of *Nation* editor **VICTOR NAVASKY**'s left-wing righteousness that invitees to a party at his home RSVP'd to a phone number at Shearson Lehman Brothers (his wife's secretary, as it happens). But come the revolution, Navasky will have some explaining to do.

house stop in New Hampshire, a reporter asked if he could bring her something from the bar. Mrs. Hart gave him a long, unfriendly look, then said, "Yes, gin on the rocks—but put it on the table behind me."

THE LAST GENTLEMANLY PROFESSION—that, you remember, is what book publishing was supposed to be. In fact, certain genteel wings of the business still qualify. Take Abbeville Press, the Madison Avenue art-book house that recently proposed to publish a book by the decorator (oh, all right, *interior designer*) **MARK HAMPTON**. Because Hampton writes (or, anyway, appends his byline to) a regular column in *House & Garden*, Abbeville sought and obtained a go-ahead from Condé Nast (owner of *House & Garden*) editorial business manager **BILL RAYNER**—a self-consciously gentlemanly gentleman. Hampton accepted Abbeville's terms (a \$10,000 advance—less than he makes from tarding up a studio apartment), and Abbeville drafted an outline for the decorator's book. But then Hampton pulled out of the deal, apparently at the behest of Condé Nast. Will Abbeville's idea now be published instead as a Condé Nast book, through Random House? No. Yes. Maybe. "I'd really prefer not to have this discussed," says Jill Cohen, director of direct marketing at Condé Nast.

WE WERE FRANKLY SURPRISED BY THE BROUHAHA over the **HART** (pence) affair. For two decades the country had been yearning for a new Camelot, and along came Hart, with his Hollywood rat pack and his full head of hair and his hand thrust in his coat pocket, fibbing about dirty weekends with young women—what could be more Kennedyesque? In fact, during her last sullen weeks and months on the hustings before her husband gave up, **LEE HART** was giving the campaign an additional Kennedyesque quality—**JOAN KENNEDYESQUE**. One night at a road-

DURING THE SIX-WEEK CBS writers' strike and the simultaneous fuss over CBS News budget cuts, vainglorious anchorguy **DAN RATHER** has been grandstanding like crazy, giving earnest newspaper quotes here, making grave pronouncements there. Despite the hair dye and the sweaters and the multimillion-dollar salary, Rather is, he wants us to know, a *serious journalist* who cares about *truth* and *integrity* more than about profits. He even published a passionate *New York Times* Op-Ed piece to make his case—published but did not, in fact, write. Rather's uncredited ghostwriter was *CBS Evening News* senior producer **RICHARD COHEN**. With Rather's ghostwritten gauntlet tossed, CBS president (and dwarf billionaire) **LAURENCE TISCH** got the urge to air his Op-Ed opinions. So, naturally, he hired his own ghostwriter (but finally declined to submit the essay to the *Times*). This must be what they mean when they talk about the great American marketplace of ideas.

A VERY CALIFORNIAN TURN OF EVENTS may have influenced the outcome of the very Californian murder trial in Santa Monica of **JOE HUNT**, the young, raffish leader of the murderous Billionaire Boys Club. In the courtroom was writer **RANDALL SULLIVAN**, who, with a big Hunt book deal (a reported \$250,000 from editor **MORGAN ENTREKIN** and the Atlantic Monthly Press) and a big movie sale, was eager to find out what Hunt would say on the stand, since everything he said would become part of the public record. At the last moment, however, Hunt decided not to take the witness stand, and he was subsequently convicted of murder. His reason for not testifying on his own behalf? He apparently wanted to save his testimony for his *own* movie deal. 3

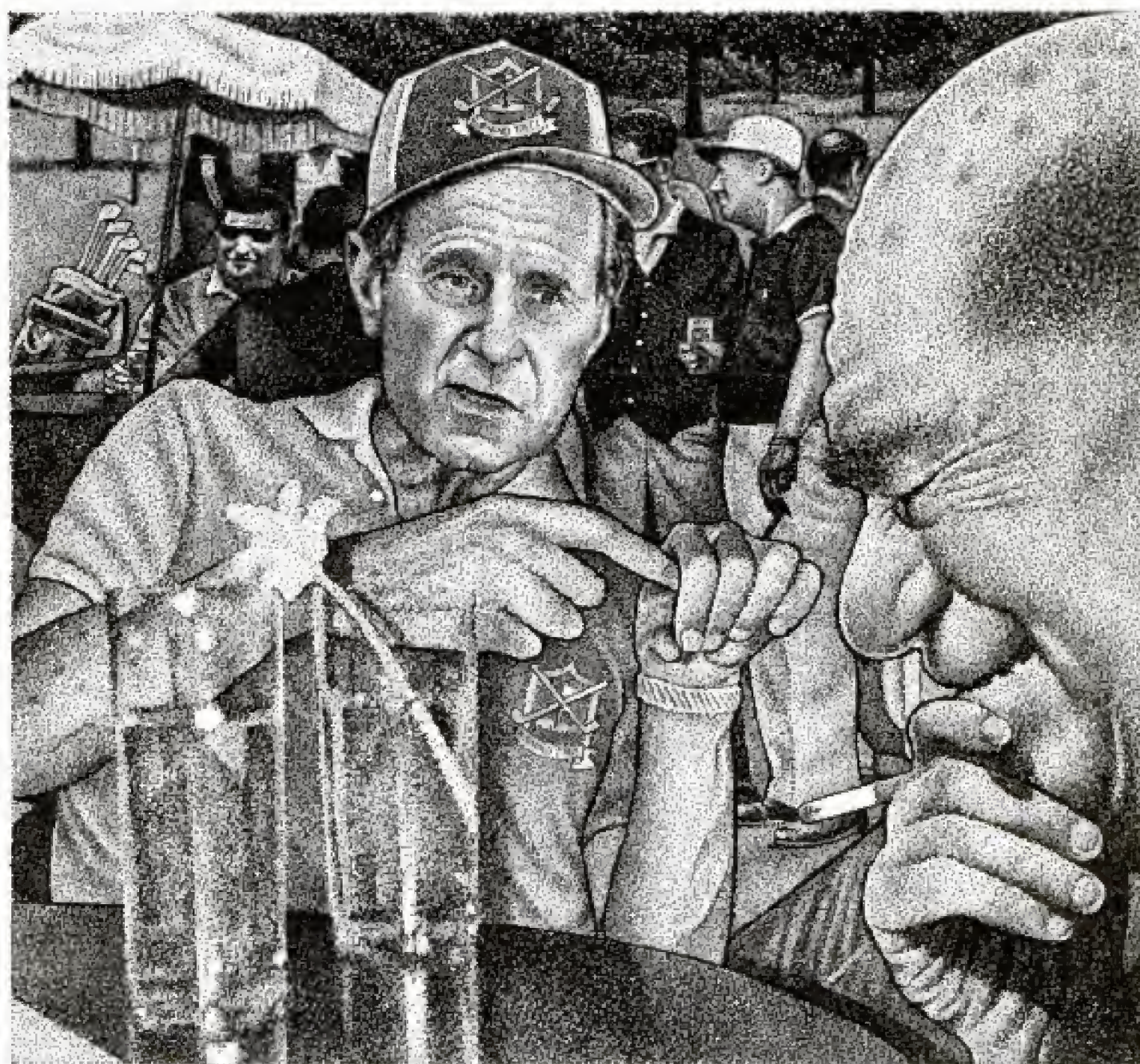




**THE LIZ SMITH  
TOTE BOARD**  
*Mentioned During  
April*

Elizabeth Taylor.....	9
Barbara Walters.....	8
Swiftly Lazar.....	5
Larry Tisch.....	5
George Hamilton.....	4
Nancy Reagan.....	4
Brooke Astor.....	3
Bette Davis.....	3
Bette Midler.....	3
Claus von Bülow.....	3
Jerry Zipkin.....	3
Arlene Francis.....	2
Mel Gibson.....	2
Baryshnikov's workout video.....	1
Iris Love.....	1
Christina Onassis.....	1
Jackie Onassis.....	1
The Plaza.....	1
Susan Sontag.....	1

## PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



*Vice President George Bush tells a funny to an appreciative golfing buddy.*

BY DREW FRIEDMAN

## HOW TO STOP THE SENSELESS SLAUGHTER OF BABY MICE

**S**aving snail darters and baby seals is passé. Nowadays the fashionable cute, small animal to save from obliteration is the mouse. Since last year, a Lititz, Pennsylvania, company named Woodstream has been producing Havahart mousetraps, which catch but don't kill mice. Already, countless mouse lives have been spared.

But saving seals and snail darters never meant having to live with them. Concerned, as ever, about rodents, SPY consulted the experts on what a conscientious citizen should do with a mouse caught in a Havahart mousetrap. The recommendations:

**HUMANE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK:** Exile. "Send him out to a park or a field, somewhere far away from your home—or he'll just run back."

**ASPCA:** Discrimination. "We don't accept mice."

**I LOVE ANIMALS INC.:** Blood sport. "Get yourself a kitty—we have lots in our shelter."

**RATS-N.Y.C.** (a NYNEX Blue Pages listing): Termination. "You'd better try to kill it, sir. What do you want us to do, come to you and kill it? Why don't you want to kill him?"

**DR. RAFI ALHAHFIDH OF NEW YORK CITY PEST CONTROL:** Suffocation. "The best thing to do is get a plastic bag, a heavy plastic bag, and open [the trap] slowly in the bag and then tie the bag."

**GREENPEACE U.S.A.:** Liberation. "Mice are very clean animals. A mouse will know it's going to die and take off outside. I'd just let him go—it's not like a rat that will die in your wall."

**KITTY MILLER AT WOODSTREAM:** Swimming lessons. "The trap can be submerged in water, then you can dump out the mouse...so the trap can be reused."

—Joseph Mastrianni

(continued)

### MRS. FIELDS COOKIES

233 Broadway, at Park Row  
*This Mrs. Fields likewise had neither a valid operating permit nor a food protection certificate. Inspectors found cartons stored directly on the floor, creating conditions conducive to "harborage." Sure enough, mouse excreta was found. At the second inspection, the paperwork problems had been put in order, but again cartons were found on the floor. And the inspectors again found mouse excreta, which they described as "old."*



### MRS. FIELDS COOKIES

2086 Broadway, at 72nd Street  
*At both inspections, Mrs. Fields was found to lack a valid operating permit and a food protection certificate. The establishment also had holes in the wall behind the oven, stock stored directly on the floor and mouse excreta.*



### MRS. FIELDS COOKIES

2891 Broadway, at 113th Street  
*On the first inspection, Mrs. Fields lacked an operating permit, a food protection certificate and an extermination record. On the second inspection, a month later, the same documents remained unavailable.*



### DAVID'S COOKIES

466 Sixth Avenue, at 12th Street  
*David's lacked a permit to operate a bakery, a food protection certificate and an extermination report. Inspectors found dough piled haphazardly in refrigerators, preventing adequate air circulation and "rotation of stock," and found stock and dry goods stored on the floor rather near—it's our duty to report this—the lavatory.*



### JACKIE'S COOKIE CONNECTION

89 East 42nd Street  
*Paperwork no, live flies yes.*



(continued)



(continued)

**GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE,  
PEOPLE WITH GUNS  
KILL PEOPLE**

Last October SPY ran a list of some of the more prominent citizens among New York's 70,000 licensed gun owners. Herewith, some more names that are well known to the Pistol Licensing Bureau of New York City.

**HARRY FOTOPOULOS**, perennial candidate (see *The Fine Print* in the January/February svy). Has "Carry" permit, which enables someone who owns or works for a company that moves valuable items or cash to carry a gun only while moving the items or cash.

**DAVID DALVA II**, art gallery owner (Dalva Brothers Inc.). Carry.

**BARRY GRAY**, radio talk-show host. Carry.

**DANIEL GROSSMAN**, art gallery owner (Daniel B. Grossman Inc./Fine Art). Carry.

**IVAN KARP**, art gallery owner (O. K. Harris Works of Art). Carry.

**GEORGE KLEIN**, real estate developer of, among other projects, Times Square. Carry.

**LAURANCE S. ROCKEFELLER**, "philanthropist and conservationist," according to his office. Carry.

**WINTHROP ROCKEFELLER**, "investor," according to his office. Carry.

**FRANK V. SERPICO**, famous Al Pacino impersonator. Carry.

(continued)

**BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS REACH US  
THROUGH THE U.S. MAIL**

New York can be awfully depressing sometimes, what with its astronomical rents, angry underclass, terrible traffic and excessive number of manicurists. Here's another reason to be depressed: local suicide-prevention hotlines. First of all, the entire NYNEX Yellow Pages contains a scant three numbers. Moreover, no matter how blue you are, you may not be able to connect with any of them.

Your first call would probably be to the service called the Abbey ("Emergency House Calls, Anywhere, Anytime"). When you dial its number, hoping to hear an empathetic voice, you'll hear: "The number you have reached, 769-1640, has been disconnected....No further information is available about 769-1640." Don't worry—yet. After all, you could still call the National Committee on Youth Suicide Prevention, couldn't you? Except that the committee's number, says another recording, has been changed to a new number, and when you dial that, you'll find that it has been changed to a phone number in Massachusetts. But before you book space in a garage in Bergenfield, you might try the Brooklyn white pages—say, the National Save-A-Life League.

It's really nice getting their answering machine, and even nicer that the tape recording gives you two more numbers to call "if you cannot wait." Never mind that they are both busy. By now you're unaccountably cheered up, and have nothing to say.

—Susan Orlean

**THAT'LL  
TEACH HER**

In defiance of good sense and the United Nations' cultural boycott of South Africa, Joy Simpson, a black opera singer from Philadelphia, embarked on a three-week singing tour of the country. While she was onstage in Cape Town performing "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child" she suffered a brain hemorrhage, and a few days later she died. ☹

**SEPARATED AT BIRTH**



**President Hafez al-Assad of Syria...**



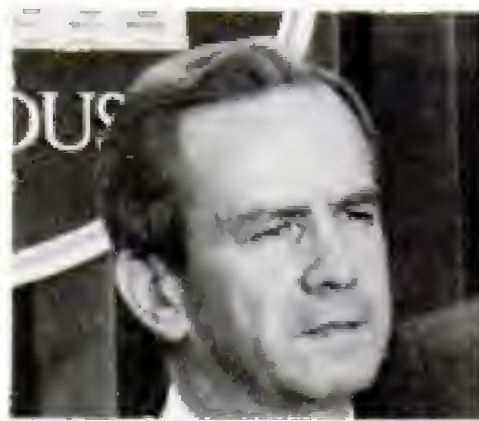
**and Beldar Conehead?**



**David Letterman...**



**and Sandra Day O'Connor?**



**Robert C. "Bud" McFarlane...**



**and James A. Baker?**

**AND McCORMICK**

Dobbs  
2 hrs.  
4) Cybill Shepherd portr-  
nican touring 19th-centu-  
laptation of the Henry  
in Switzerland and Italy  
Barry Brown.  
1 (R): 60 min.  
R—Talent Contest  
rama; 1 hr., 50 min.

In.

(R): 60 min.

min.

S. Olympic Invi-  
st, taped Feb. 14 at

asketball.)  
Drama; 70 min.

poses as a stripper in  
r is a suspect in a co-  
rine A. Wiberg.  
CC)—Ted Koppel

Drama; 60 min.  
Diana Hyland) fears for her  
n with a hatchet in its head  
esert estate. Cannon: Wil-  
e: Victor Mohica.

**close  
up**

Proposed Movie  
of the Month

9 PM SPY

**A FEW GOOD MEN**



A chance encounter on the Moscow subway leads to a secret rendezvous, a passionate romance and a forbidden but commendably detailed guided tour of the American embassy. Catherine Oxenberg stars as the gray-eyed Russian femme fatale who charms wet-behind-the-ears U.S. Marines into showing and telling all. Scott Baio and Christopher Penn are the Marines who couldn't say nyet. And Valerie Harper is the tough-as-nails congresswoman whose investigation leaves an administra- tion red-faced—though she single-handedly restores security and pride to the U.S. diplomatic corps. Violetta Seina: Oxenberg. Sergeant Lone- tree: Baio. Sergeant Stufflebeam: Penn. Olympia Snowe: Harper. Ambassador Hartman: Michael Murphy. (2 hrs.)

6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30
	CBS News	Wheel of Fortune	Kate & Allie	My Sister Sam
	CBS News	PM Magazine	Kate & Allie	My Sister Sam
		Bob Hope		



### THE BLOTTER



SPY's unofficial, highly selective account of incidents to which the New York City Police Department's specially trained rescue units responded during the five-week period ending April 15. Quotes are the police dispatchers'.

#### LOON

- Manhattan—"man with his head stuck in a grate"

#### TRAFFIC REPORT

- The Bronx—"I got about two, three thousand nails southbound on the Bruckner and a reported diesel-fuel tank spill here." "Ten-five, that's Exit Crosby, like Bing"

#### RICHARD ROFFMAN...CALL YOUR CLIENT

- Manhattan—"in the subway at Leonard Street we got a female white EDP [Emotionally Disturbed Person] ringing bells"

#### THE WILD KINGDOM

- Queens—"a possum stuck in barbed wire"

#### FORMER FLOATERS

- The Bronx—"a floater on the beach." "If it's on the beach, it's not a floater." "Okay, we'll make it a 'sander'"

#### YES, WE KNOW IT'S BEHIND SCHEDULE AND OVER BUDGET, BUT IT WILL REOPEN SOON

- Manhattan—"man trying to hang himself behind the Zoo in Central Park"

The following is an incomplete but representative roster of events that Emergency Service Units responded to on April 4 from about 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. in torrential rains and nearly gale-force winds.

#### BROOKLYN

- "Light pole, wires and tree down on 19th Avenue.... House current 110 voltage running from house along wires to street"

#### QUEENS

- "Large light cable down and sparking in the road"
- "A metal shed flew through the air and is resting between a house and a tree on the Little Neck Parkway"

#### MANHATTAN

- "Flying metal from construction site 115 and Broadway"
- "We're closing Lex from 43rd to 45th to prevent inj—I gotta get out of here!"

—Ann C. Mathers

The paramount ruler of China, who holds no official position, is Deng Xiaoping. His name is pronounced "Dung Shaopping (dung shau-PING)," which is easy to remember because he is keen on encouraging



agriculture and on building boutiques. The great protégé of Deng is Hu, and the great protégé of Hu is Hu. Deng axed Hu, which means that Hu's Hu is no longer Deng's protégé's protégé. The great rival of Deng is Peng (rhymes with dung). Deng and Peng have been rivals for decades, but Peng envies Deng because during the Cultural Revolution—so called because it involved no culture—Deng wore a dunce cap, while Peng

sported a placard around his neck. After Deng purged the man who had purged him, he got confused and forgot to purge Peng, who now wishes to purge him.

Both Deng and Peng are sympathetic to Kim Il Sung and Kim Jong Il, the communist Great Leader and Great Heir Apparent in Pyongyang. It is easy to remember which is which, because Kim Jong Il is Kim Il Sung Jr. It is also easy to recall that they despise the leaders at Kwangju, because they are called Kim Dae Jung and Kim Young Sam. The two Kims are opposed by Cardinal Kim, who is not to be confused with Cardinal Sin. Unlike Cardinal Kim, Kim Dae Jung believes in a new constitution. So does the other Kim.

Deng and Peng do not like Dong of Vietnam, who controls Heng in Phnom Penh. Having

seized the country from the communists after Pol Pot seized it from Lon Nol, Heng's communists are still fighting Deng's communists, who are still backed by the capitalists. Those who believe communism is just capitalism by a different name are advised to keep quiet.

This has nothing to do with Rajiv Gandhi, who has nothing to do with Mahatma Gandhi. Nor does it explain why Suharto replaced Sukarno in Indonesia,

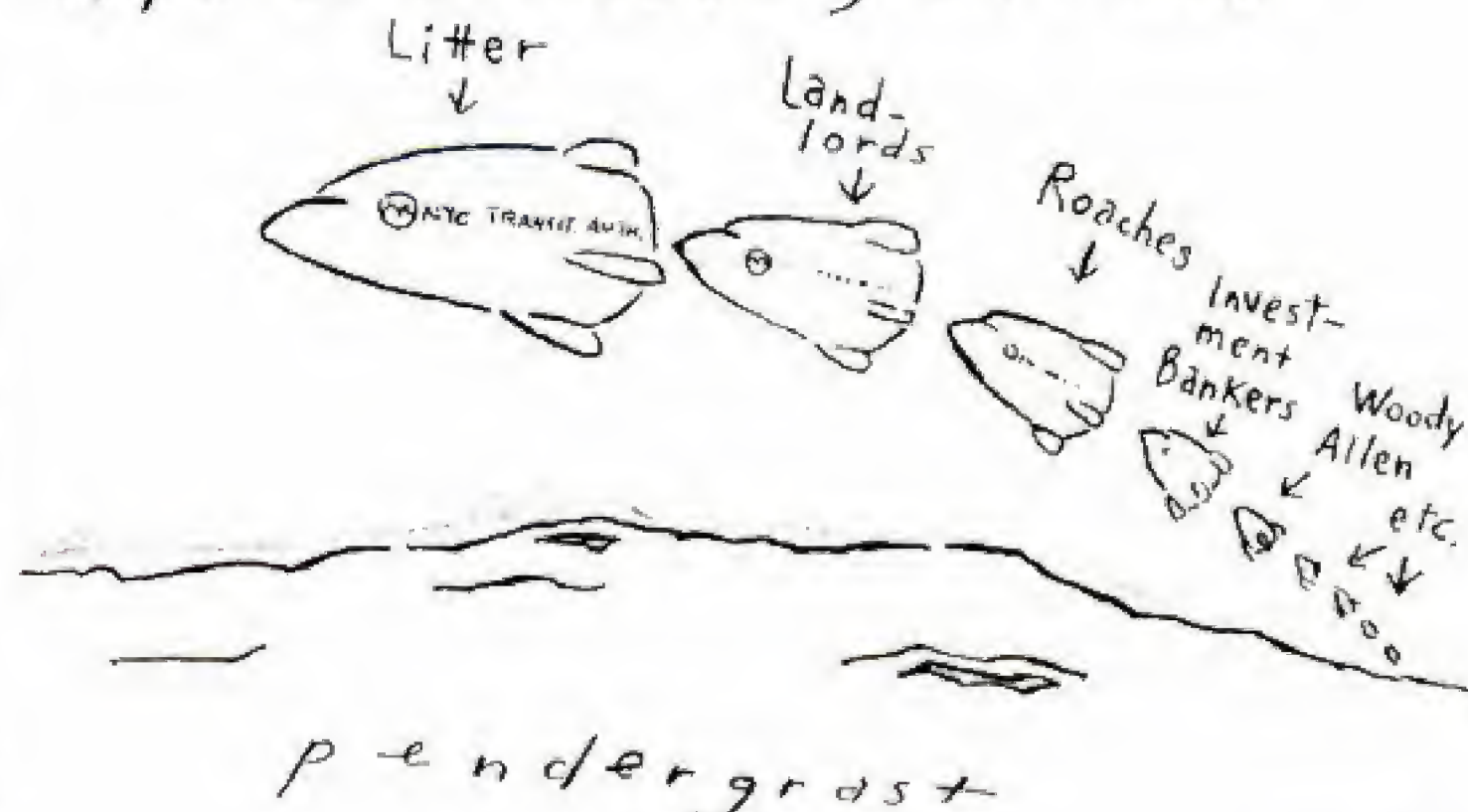


nor say whether U San Yu will revive the spirit of U Nu in Rangoon, nor whether either will befriend O Jin Yu in Pyongyang, nor why the highest-ranking Catholic in the Philippines is called Sin.

—Pico Iyer

### THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF NEW YORK, PART VI

#### NYC Establishes Colony On MARS





## THE SPY

### TRIP TIP: NEW YORK'S MISSING LINKS

Before the Crash of 1929, a New York banker could pass a breezy lunch hour putting at one of 150 miniature-golf courses on rooftops of the city. By 1930 *The New York Times* had suggested that miniature golf "gave some indication of replacing movies as the nation's fifth largest industry." Americans had gone crazy for the game: they played in evening clothes on courses built in all-night ballrooms, and local beauties and pretty-boys were hired as greeters to lure clientele from the competition. Guy Lombardo even built a musical theme course. This month, happily, we have *Miniature Golf* (Abbeyville Press), a comprehensive illustrated history charting the rise and fall—and rise again—of the sport.

The Manhattan rooftop fairway has gone the way of the drugstore lunch counter, but urban miniature golf is not entirely extinct: three gritty courses still exist within the city limits.

#### PEBBLE BEACH MINI GOLF:

here are as pitted and scarred as the faces of the punks who hang out near the pro shop, but the uneven putting surface provides a fresh challenge. Hole four, "Golden Gate," recalls the treacherous thirteenth at Augusta: a wild drive will fly right off the blue wooden bridge and disappear into the waters of an oily, garbage-strewn moat. 232-01 Northern Boulevard, Douglaston. Take the No. 7 train to Main Street, Flushing. Walk to Northern Boulevard. Catch Q-12 bus eastward. Open year-round, every day, 9:00 a.m. to midnight.

#### GATEWAY MINI GOLF:

keeping and a bracing seaside setting give this course its comparatively bucolic ambience, redolent of St. Andrews. The official obstacles on the fairways are relatively mundane (no moving parts—there are none at St. Andrews, either), but rusted-out, larger-than-life animal statues make amusing ad hoc trash barrels. 3200 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn. Owner sug-



**Though the studios discouraged movie stars from being seen playing miniature golf (the mob was rumored to be behind the craze), Fred Astaire was known to play 18 holes atop the Hotel White, at 37th Street and Lexington Avenue.**

gests No. 3 or 4 train to last stop, catch "green bus." Located next to Floyd Bennett Field, just south of Shore Parkway. Open April to October, 9:00 a.m. to midnight.

#### NELLIE BLY PARK MINIATURE GOLF:

Probably the finest course in New York City, Nellie Bly features a His & Hers tenth hole, some moving obstacles and an eighteenth hole that dangles the possibility of a free game (hit it into the nose of the leering clown). Unlike stodgier, real golf courses like Piping Rock, this one is annexed to an amusement park—the fabulous Nellie Bly Park, billed as "the Fun and Happiness Place," which boasts bumper cars, Tilt-a-Whirl, fun-house mirrors and a dunking booth. 1824 Shore Parkway, Brooklyn. (A stone's throw from Coney Island.) B train to Bay Parkway, B-6 bus south or walk ten blocks. Open daily mid-May to Labor Day, weekends April and September, noon to midnight. —Jack Barth

## JUNE DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

**1** Pat Boone born, 1934; first achieves hit version of a song previously recorded much better by a black artist, 1955.

**1** "Show Business Applauds Lincoln Center"; Avery Fisher Hall; 8:00 p.m. A benefit; ticket prices go as high as \$2,500. Featuring more than 50 "major performers from the stage, screen and recording industries"—in other words, people who know how to applaud and be applauded.

**6** Belmont Stakes; Belmont Park. Put \$2 on Sun Up. Just do it.

**9** "Safe and Secure: Keys and Locks" opens at the always exciting Cooper-Hewitt. "Objects and images relating to their use... will supplement the keys and locks themselves."

**9** Museum Mile Festival; Fifth Avenue from 82nd to 105th Street. Why bother visiting the city's museums any old time, when they aren't crowded? Do it tonight with thousands.

**10** "The Study of Incunabula and Post-Incunabula"; lecture by Felix de Marez Oyens; the New York Public Library; 6:00 p.m.

**12** Jim Nabors born, 1933.

**13–14** and **20–21** Medieval Festival at the Sands Point Park and Preserve, Port

Washington, Long Island. Features a fashion show (are they wearing hair shirts long or short this season?), a torture chamber (let's see: your car, under the sun, in an LIE traffic jam) and "foot jousting" (does the Meese Commission know about this?). For information, call (718) 258-8531.



**14** Flag Day

**16** The Metropolitan Opera's *Tosca*; Central Park; 8:00 p.m. *Tosca* finally leaps, 11:30 p.m.

**18** Paul McCartney turns an insufferably boyish 45.

**21** Father's Day. Summer begins. Celebrate by persuading an older man to hook up a lawn sprinkler you can run through.

**23** The Metropolitan Opera's *La Bohème*; Central Park; 8:00 p.m. Mimi finally succumbs, 11:30 p.m.

**25** First of the summer's altogether pleasant and pastoral Corporate Challenge races; Central Park.

**27–28** Queens Festival. Celebrations (including, we hope, the first annual Salute to John Zaccaro) at Flushing Meadow Park. ☺





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(continued)

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S COURT

Case No. 07889

John Roca v. Mr. T a/k/a  
Lawrence Tero a/k/a  
Lawrence Tureaud

Roca, a photographer, alleges that on or about April 2, 1986, he was taking pictures at Palladium. According to Roca's complaint, Mr. T, aka Lawrence Tero and Lawrence Tureaud, was on the dance floor. Roca attempted to photograph Mr. T, who allegedly "did willfully and intentionally assault, batter, and strike the plaintiff...causing him to be knocked to the floor." Roca contends that he has since suffered "headaches, nightmares, and been unable to continue his profession." He is suing for \$2 million in damages. No date has been set. (A year later to the day, Roca, taking pictures for the Daily News, bought a ticket on the same flight that carried Dwight Gooden from Florida to the Smithers Alcoholism Treatment and Training Center. Roca got exclusive photos of Gooden on an airplane and a promise from Mets public relations director Jay Horwitz that Roca would never work a Mets game for as long as he lived.)

Case No. 24319

Mickey Rooney v. Robert Sher and Bruce Yeko

According to the complaint, in July 1983 the plaintiff and the defendants, who are record producers, agreed that Rooney would take part in the cast album recording of Sugar Babies. According to a letter of agreement, Rooney would be paid \$1,000 for the round-trip airfare between Boston and New York and limousine service between airports and accommodations, plus royalties based on 10 percent of the wholesale gross price of the album, though not less than 60 cents an album. Rooney would also get 100 free albums. Rooney claims not to have received his

(continued)

1. 1971. When I was still a student and first visited New York City, the couple at whose place I was staying suggested we take a walk to the piers near the entrance to the Holland Tunnel. While we were crossing the roadway there, where the signs clearly prohibit pedestrians from crossing, a policeman who saw us yelled, "Get out of there, you fucks!"

2. 1978. Soon after moving to New York, I parked my car, with its still-out-of-state plates, in Times Square (in what was clearly a no-standing zone) because a couple of visiting friends wanted to get out and look around. I was leaning on the car door when a policeman on horseback came riding by. While I did my best to appear an innocent tourist, he looked at my plates, then at me and said, "Move it, you fuck."

3. 1987. Recently I told a teenager who was smoking a cigarette in an elevator that he should put it out. "You a cop?" he asked.

4. 1981. When, in a supermarket checkout line, I suggested to a fellow who had butted in front of the woman ahead of me that he move to the back, the woman turned around and said, "So, you're a cop?"

5a. 1983. Shopping with a friend at a used-clothing store, I found, among the \$180 "Genuine Swedish Army Issue" long, lined, black leather coats, a similar NYPD coat for \$80. It was in perfect shape, and it fit just right. I sought out a salesperson and asked, "Why is it so much cheaper?" "Nobody knows from Swedish army officers," said the clerk, "but a cop coat..."

b. Undeterred, I asked the person I was with, "Should I get it?" "Are you crazy?" she said. "It makes you look like a cop."

c. Shortly thereafter, a man I know found himself walking beside what he described as a beautiful young woman in midtown one day. He said he couldn't help being confused by her appearance. She was wearing rather delicate shoes, an expensive watch, a finely tailored skirt and blouse, and good jewelry and was carrying a partially wrapped single long-stemmed red rose—all right so far, but she also had on what looked like an old, short leather police jacket. My friend became even more confused when she kept looking his way and smiling. "I felt like *Gee, I should respond*," he told me, "but instead I crossed the street." "You thought

she was a cop, right?" I guessed. "No," he went on, "it wouldn't bother me so much if she was a cop. I was thinking, *What if she's also the friend of a cop?*"



6. 1980. Driving in Manhattan one day with a fellow I work with, I stopped at a light alongside a two-man patrol car. "Pigs!" my co-worker, a veteran of Berkeley student-radical days, blurted out, loudly enough that I was thankful that both their

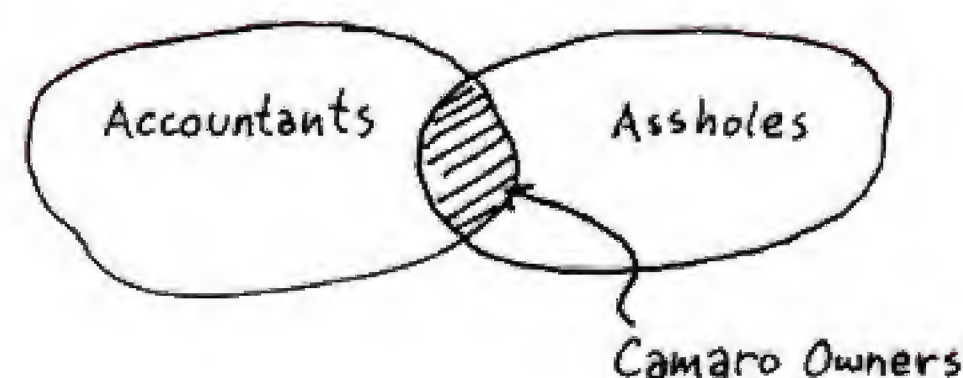
car windows and ours were closed. I told him that I'd read that these days young Lower East Side felons refer to the police merely as "pests." "Well," he sneered, "what do *you* call them?"

7. 1982. A neighbor of mine who makes large, colorful masks figured that the pre-Halloween weekend would be a fitting time to sell his product, and that the sidewalks of SoHo, with its upscale crowds, would be the perfect place. But he had no license, and the police caught him and confiscated his masks. As his wares were being loaded into a police truck an officer told him that besides having to appear in court and face a probable \$100 fine, he'd have to come down to the station and pay \$65 to get his masks back. "Sixty-five dollars!" exclaimed my neighbor. "A guy I know only had to pay \$20! Why is it \$65 for me?" The cop could have explained that the retrieval fee was \$65 when the vendor sells in an area where selling is prohibited, as my neighbor had done, whereas if the vendor is merely selling without a license, the fee is \$20. But the cop didn't. "Because," he said instead, looking at him, then over at the masks, "because I don't like your faces."

—Rick Rofhe

SETS & SUBSETS

(No. 1 in a series)



—Robert Hutter



## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS OF *THE NEW YORKER*

DEAR MR. SHAWN,

It is regrettable that your magazine, which has always been respected for the precision of its language, should describe (in American Chronicles by Calvin Trillin, in your December 22 issue) an antigay joke (a character "whose idea of a good time is to go sit on the beach with guys from the chorus line and talk about their Liberace record collections, if you know what I mean and I think you do") as an instance of the quoted columnist's "increasing reliance on ethnic cracks." The example is given along with several genuinely racist jokes. I believe the metaphor identifying homosexuals as a "race" is a destructive one, and it is distressing to find Calvin Trillin perpetuating it in the pages of *The New Yorker*.

Teri N. Towe  
New York

*Calvin Trillin replies: "This letter is a good example of the public service SPY is performing with the Letters to The New Yorker column. Some of us at The New Yorker greatly appreciate SPY using up space with this sort of thing so that we won't have to use up any of ours."*

DEAR BOB,

Every time I pick up an issue of *The New Yorker*, I read, "A friend writes..."

Who are these "friends"? Are they the Friends of Central Park? Prospect Park? The Friends of the Friendless who appeared on *I Love Lucy* years ago? The friends who meet near Stuyvesant Square each Sunday morning (friends more commonly known as Quakers)?

If I could become a friend of *The New Yorker*, then I could get my articles published and make some *real* money.

Carol Ann Schachter  
New York

DEAR BOB,

How old is Charles Addams, anyway?

Gena Giobbi  
New York

*The cartoonist is 75.*

SPY welcomes letters to the editors of *The New Yorker*. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob" or "Dear Mister Shawn," c/o SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. ☺

## OUR REGULAR WALL STREET SCORECARD

It's always a shame when a few rotten apples spoil the fun for everyone. Sadly, because of the Boesky revelations, the public believes that Wall Street is thoroughly rotten. It simply isn't so. We prepared the lists below to show that many ruthless capitalists *do* play fair. And if by some mischance a few more people should slip into the left-hand column by being indicted or charged with securities crimes, remember—an indictment doesn't necessarily mean these people are guilty. It just means the government firmly believes they are. That's all.

### MAJOR FINANCIERS, BANKERS AND TRADERS CHARGED WITH SECURITIES CRIMES



Dennis B. Levine  
*Drexel Burnham  
Lambert Inc.*

Ivan F. Boesky  
*Ivan F. Boesky & Co. L.P.*

Robert M. Wilkis  
*Lazard Frères & Company*

Ira B. Sokolow  
*Shearson Lehman Brothers*

David S. Brown  
*Goldman, Sachs & Company*

Michael Davidoff  
*Ivan F. Boesky & Co. L.P.*

Richard B. Wigton  
*Kidder, Peabody & Company*

Robert M. Freeman  
*Goldman, Sachs & Company*

Timothy L. Tabor  
*Kidder, Peabody & Company*

Martin A. Siegel  
*Kidder, Peabody & Company*

Nahum Vaskevitch  
*Merrill Lynch & Co. Inc.*

Boyd L. Jefferies  
*Jefferies & Company*

### MAJOR FINANCIERS, BANKERS AND TRADERS NOT CHARGED WITH SECURITIES CRIMES



Sid Bass

Sam Belzberg

Asher Edelman

James Goldsmith

Carl Icahn

Irwin Jacobs

Fred Joseph

Carl Lindner

Lowell Milken

Michael Milken

Ronald Perelman

T. Boone Pickens

Victor Posner

Sanford Sigoloff

Saul Steinberg

(continued)

royalties on his free albums. He claims that 13,461 albums were sold between December 1983 and May 1984, and that he's owed \$8,076.60 for them. He's suing for that money plus interest, the value of his 100 free albums and an accounting of subsequent sales. No date has been set.

### FAMOUS LONG AGO

As we all know, fame is fickle; there's no business like show business; and the bigger they are, the harder they fall. These easy truths in mind, we begin our semiregular survey of recent, less-than-boffo box office grosses. The following concerts took place in late February and early March:

LEON RUSSELL and EDGAR WINTER, *Sarasota*  
582 ticket buyers, \$5,820 gross

PAUL REVERE AND THE RAIDERS, *Sarasota*  
400 ticket buyers, \$5,000 gross

VANILLA FUDGE and RARE EARTH, *East St. Louis*  
326 ticket buyers, \$4,418 gross

FOGHAT, *Austin*  
633 ticket buyers, \$3,798 gross

BADFINGER, *St. Louis*  
435 ticket buyers \$3,684 gross

### SPORTS UPDATE

After pleading guilty in April to child-molestation charges, Dallas placekicker Rafael Septien became the third current or former Cowboy to be convicted of deviant-sex charges. This is believed to be an NFL record. Former receiver Lance Rentzel (indecent exposure) and former linebacker Hollywood Henderson (sexual assault of a quadriplegic at gunpoint) are the other members of Coach Tom Landry's pervert squad. ☺



## THE TIMES



Max



Punch



Abe

REAL ESTATE. REAL ESTATE. Former executive editor Abe Rosenthal—evil twin to current, *nice* executive editor Max Frankel—has been thinking of little else these days. On the domestic end, you'll be happy to know, Abe finally found an apartment (but saddened to know that he gave it up). It's in the Dakota, on the fifth floor, near the lower half of Warner LeRoy's giant duplex, and it was previously owned by Philip Johnson's sister. (Abe is certainly familiar with the neighborhood. Ann, his long-suffering former wife, still lives in their apartment in the White House at 86th Street and Central Park West). When the architect recommended by *Times* architecture critic Paul Goldberger estimated that renovating the apartment would take six months, Abe got antsy and put the place back on the block, with an asking price of \$2 million. Steven Rattner, former *Times* reporter and news clerk to Abe and now a \$1-million-a-year investment banker with Morgan Stanley, was about to buy a \$3 million apartment in the Dakota. But when he heard that Abe was bailing out, Rattner decided to buy his former boss's apartment instead.

Abe's haste in finding new digs may have something to do with his plan to marry, this month, his permanent squeeze, bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord. (Condé Nast, where Lord is a beauty and fitness editor at *Vogue*, threw an engagement party for the extremely strange couple in Washington.) And Abe, who holds a good deal of *Times* stock, apparently tried to keep as much of it as possible in his divorce proceedings from Ann—who threw him out after discovering he had been making silly gestures to Vera Copula on the sly.

ABE'S GRAND SUITE OF OFFICES on the tenth floor of the *Times* building is Dakota-like. The space has been complete for months now, save a few minor but important touches. The office is certainly nothing like other offices at the *Times*. (Former col-

umnist Sydney Schanberg's old office, which measured a tiny 15 feet by 15 feet, didn't even have a window. Abe's has a private bathroom.) The entryway to the offices is very un-*Times*-like: double oak doors fitted with Italian brass hardware and topped with an arched window. The office is lush, if a little queer, fitted out as it is in the mock-Japanese style Abe used to favor at home—but with an elaborate chandelier overhead.

Just outside, workmen are nearly finished with the ugly, high-tech curved staircase that leads up to Abe's level from the other half of the tenth floor. Work on removing the perfectly adequate old staircase was done during office hours and, since the stairs were part of the structure of the building, necessitated the use of jackhammers and pneumatic drills. The actual door to Abe's inner sanctum is where the problem lies. Abe wanted it painted blue. The painters painted it blue. But not the shade Abe was looking for. The painters returned and painted it a different blue. Still not right. The painters returned again. *Noooo. Not bluish enough.* A fourth time they returned and repainted the door, again in a different shade of blue. As SPY goes to press, the *Times* painters are standing at the ready. In the cramped library next door, meanwhile, which has not been renovated since the *Times* building was built in 1913, plaster is falling from the ceiling.

ALWAYS OBLIVIOUS to even the most rudimentary of social niceties, Abe is making all kinds of new friends in Washington in his ruthless quest for Lebensraum there. On one of his semiannual visits to the Washington bureau earlier this year, he decided to scope out office space befitting a columnist of his standing on the planet. Well away from the cramped newsroom where columnists William Safire and James Reston have their offices, four bureau reporters (John Herbers, Richard Berke, Neil Lewis and David Rosenbaum) all shared a cramped

third office. Abe liked the look of this one and ordered the reporters evicted. When *Times* publisher Punch Sulzberger received word of Abe's demand in New York, he was furious, and Abe's plan was scrapped. He went prowling again, and this time he set his eyes on deputy editor Judith Miller's office. Again the news got to Punch, and again he scotched Abe's plans. Finally room was made by chopping Reston's office in half. Abe has yet to set foot in his new office, however, and a table, chair and typewriter sit there day after day, lonely and unused.

Abe impressed everybody with his tact by bringing the unavoidable Lord to the funeral for Frankel's wife, Toby. Ann Rosenthal came with the Heepish Arthur Gelb. When Rosenthal saw Gelb and Ann across the room, he said to Lord, "There is someone I want you to meet." Shirley started to follow him, then replied, "I think I'm going to be sick," and turned on her heel.

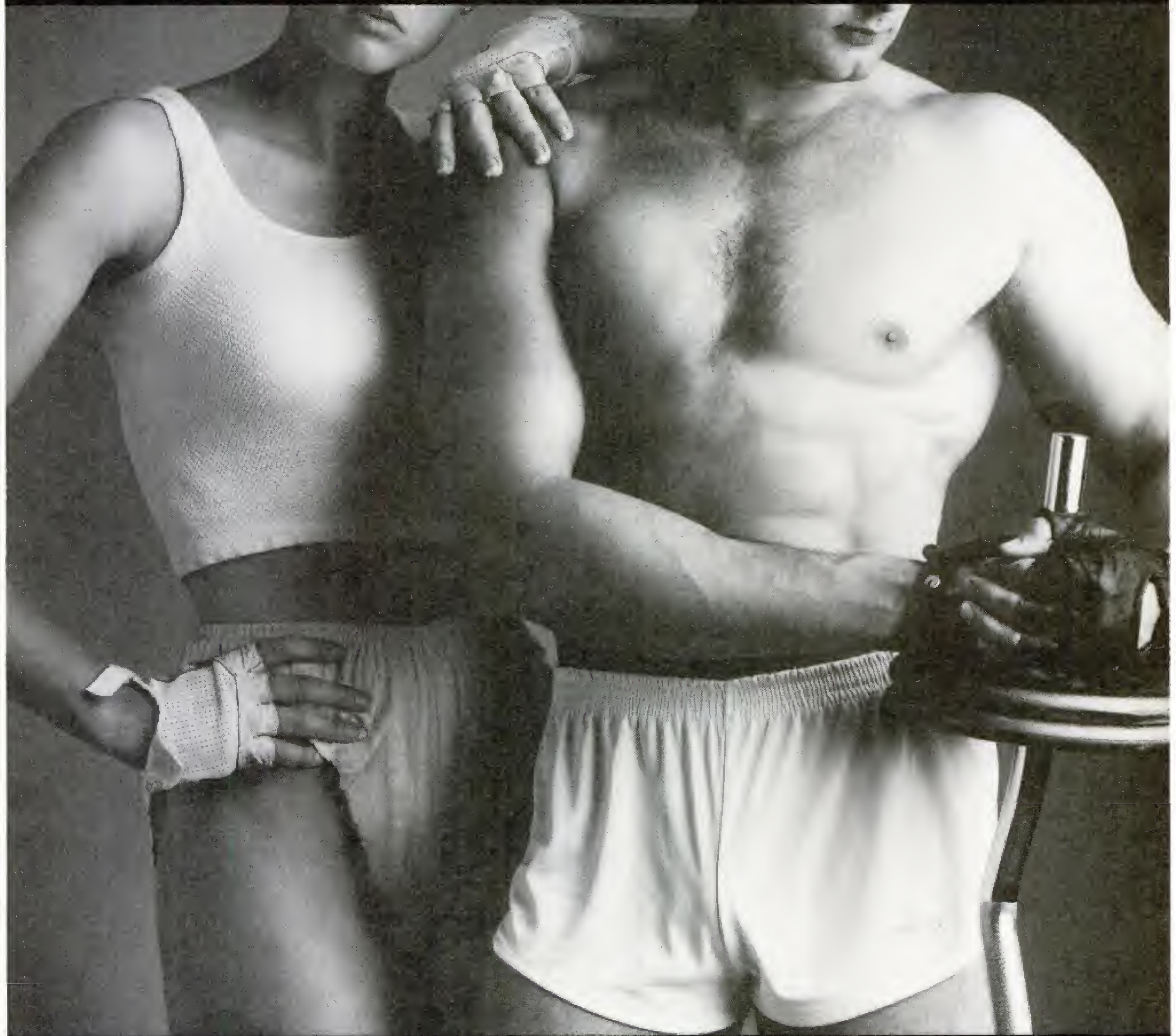
ABE'S LOOPY RETIREMENT SHENANIGANS cannot, it seems, *cannot* be blamed for the departure of three of the paper's bright young reporters. William Greer, who has been excellent on the Style page and as a consumer reporter (damning with faint praise, I know), is going to medical school. Metro reporter Crystal Nix, very good on homeless families in welfare hotels last summer, is leaving for Harvard Law School. And Esther B. Fein is leaving for Moscow, where her fiancé, David Remnick, is being sent by his employer, *The Washington Post*.

Will Abe ever find the apartment of his dreams? Will he get to hold on to his cache of *Times* stock? Will he and Lord (who, dressed, looks like a lampshade—never mind undressed) find wedded happiness? Will the blue of his office door ever be the proper tint? Will he ever use his new Washington office? Will Frank Rich be wooed away by *Time*, whence he came? I'm not saying. Bye.

—Huntley Haverstock



**WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE  
WHO ARE IN THE BEST  
SHAPE THEY'VE EVER BEEN IN.  
BUT STILL AREN'T SATISFIED.**

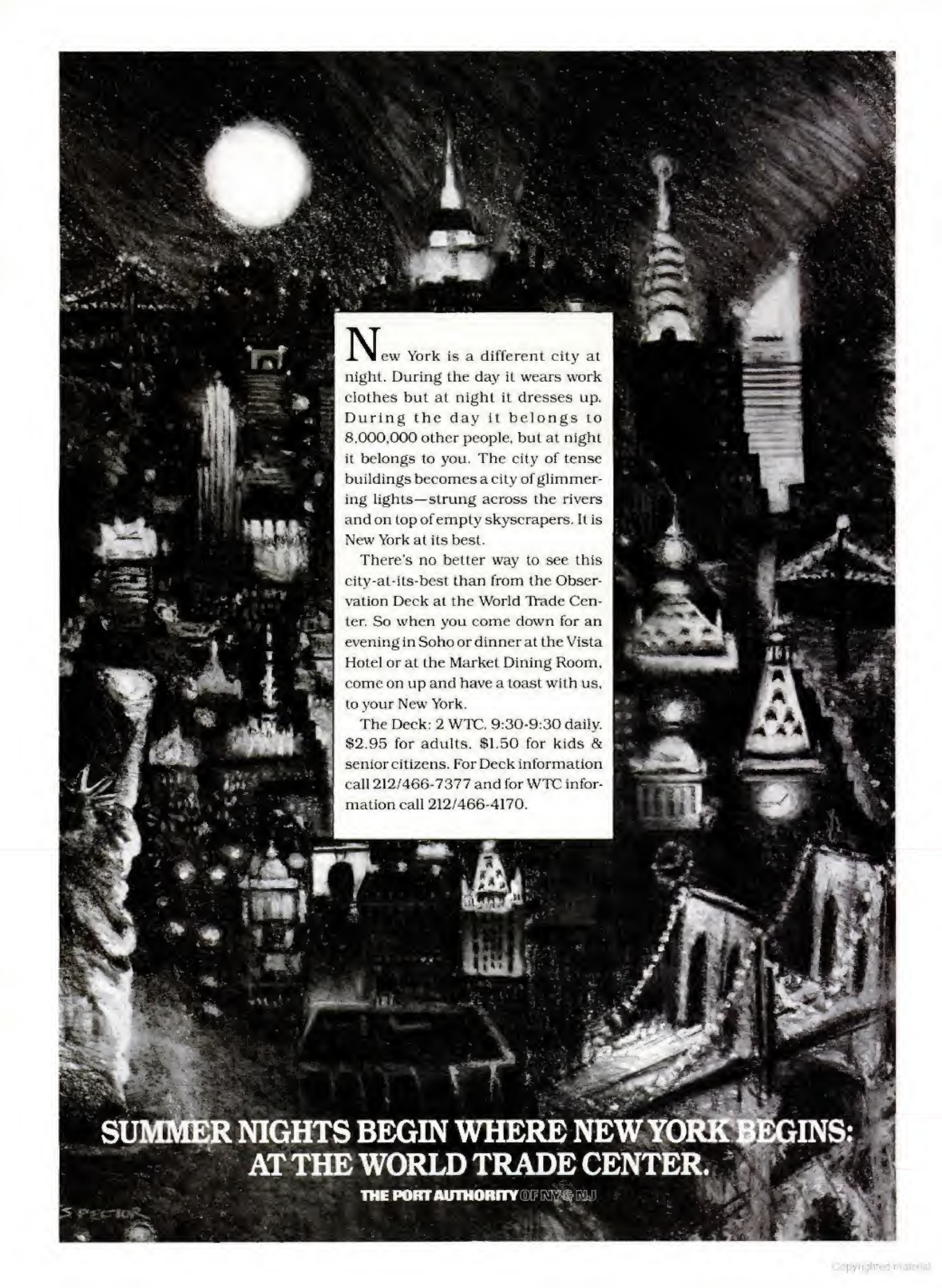


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There's no better way to see this city-at-its-best than from the Observation Deck at the World Trade Center. So when you come down for an evening in Soho or dinner at the Vista Hotel or at the Market Dining Room, come on up and have a toast with us, to your New York.

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**SUMMER NIGHTS BEGIN WHERE NEW YORK BEGINS:  
AT THE WORLD TRADE CENTER.**

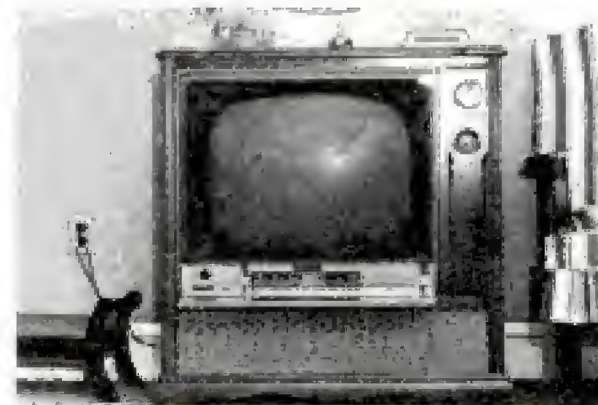
**THE PORT AUTHORITY OF NY & NJ**



# WHEN THEY LAUGHED, *we laughed. When they cried, we cried.* *They gave us the best of times during the worst of times. Will we ever forget those Saturday nights? Nights when dates were cut short, concerts were left early and a whole generation of Americans joined together at 11:30 p.m. to watch a television show that came to change history — that came to change the way we saw ourselves. 📺 Yes, they were mere actors, but they came into our living rooms as strangers and we embraced them as family. In memorable sketch after sketch, they gave us their talented all, and we re- sponded with an affection we didn't know was in us. Indeed, they helped mold the thinking of the Big Chill generation, and for that we will forever owe them an enormous debt. 📺 To pay trib- ute to the men and women who*

## REMEMBERING THE STARS OF SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE

*made Saturday Night Live seminal television, SPY  
reporter AMY STARK worked tirelessly to assemble an  
SNL Collector's Edition Keepsake Star Roster truly  
worthy of framing. And so, on the following pages, we  
present the 20 men and women — the household  
names and tremendous talents — that made Saturday  
night the best darn night of our lives — or any life.  
Their accomplishments since leaving the show are  
many; we have decided just to highlight their  
post-SNL careers. To all of  
them we say, God bless you all.  
We love you. And we mean  
that from the bottom of our  
hearts. Goodnight, everybody!*





# The SPY SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE



**DENNY DILLON**  
1980-81  
Played an office worker in *Garbo Talks*. Played Michael York's pregnant daughter on Showtime's *Faerie Tale Theater*. Played cocaine dealer married to Tommy Chong on episode of *Miami Vice*. Played cafeteria worker in *Fame*. Played rude nurse in Cannon movie *Grace Quigley*. (Her line: "Go ahead, who cares?"')

**JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS**  
1982-85  
Beautiful. Talented. In short, a winner. Played a waitress in the movie *Troll*. Her agent: "She is acting—and writing a lot."



**GARRETT MORRIS**  
1975-80  
More career highs for Garrett. Guest spots on *The Jeffersons*, *Diff'rent Strokes*, *The Love Boat* and *It's Your Move*. Played a psychiatric patient in this year's failed Richard Pryor comedy, *Critical Condition*. Plays a bookie named Sporty James on NBC's *Hunter*. "He hopes to write a novel based loosely on his life," says his PR.

**PAMELA STEPHENSON**  
1984-85  
The Julie Christie of comedy. Now lives in England and is not acting or writing, according to her agent's assistant.



**TIM KAZURINSKY**  
1981-84  
A triple-threat talent: actor, writer and TV personality. Wrote screenplay (based on a David Mamet play) for *About last night...* Appeared as a nerdy cop in *Police Academy I-IV*. One of Tim's managers: "He's kind of busy right now.... He's writing a lot." Other manager: "He's doing a lot of writing."



**TERRY SWEENEY**  
1985-86  
He wanted to play the male parts; it was Lorne who made him dress up in drag all the time. Moved to Los Angeles. Changed agent. After much soul-searching, finally decided to "commit" to show business. Is doing a lot of writing.



**ANTHONY MICHAEL HALL**  
1985-86  
In a brilliant career move, he turned down the lead in Stanley Kubrick's Vietnam film *Full Metal Jacket* to join SNL. Played a hayseed teen who moves to L.A. and gets into trouble in the 1986 movie *Out of Bounds*. Has taken to carrying around a ghetto blaster.



**JOAN CUSACK**  
1985-86  
Still sister of talented actor John Cusack.



**BRAD HALL**  
1983-84  
A more gifted comedian has yet to come our way. Played an upstairs neighbor in the movie *Troll*. His agent: "He's being real selective. He's really a good actor actor. He wants to concentrate on that.... He's acting—and writing. He just finished the first act of a script for Lorimar."



**ROBERT DOWNEY JR.**  
1985-86  
Still son of hip 1960s film director.



# Collector's Edition Keepsake Star Roster

**GARY KROEGER**  
1982-85

Did voices on Joe Piscopo's unfunny comedy album. Co-wrote a screenplay called *The Space Commandos* for Universal. Was a guest on *Late Night America*. Plays a nerdy spy on the new CBS series *Spies*.



**ANN RISLEY**  
1980-81

Played a schoolteacher in the antinuclear nostalgia movie *Desert Bloom*. Played a UFO follower in Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories*.



**GILBERT GOTTFRIED**  
1980-81

Gilbert's career is coming up roses. Was a regular on *Thicke of the Night* in 1983. Does imitation Crazy Eddie commercials on MTV. Played a car salesman on *The Cosby Show* last January.



**ROBIN DUKE**  
1981-84

The Zasu Pitts of her generation. Played a vacationing secretary in *Club Paradise*. Played a secretary in the Michael Douglas movie *Running*. Appeared in the John Candy-Eugene Levy cable special, *The Last Polka*. Played the voice of Ira in *Miss Peach*, a TV puppet show. She says, "I'm writing a lot."



**CHARLES ROCKET**  
1980-81

A gift for comedy matched only by his subtle touch with drama. Appeared in *Moonlighting* as Bruce Willis's brother. Played a network executive, Mr. Grosberg, in pilot for *Max Headroom*. Appeared in *Down Twisted*, an unreleased Cannon film.



**CHRISTINE EBERSOLE**  
1981-82

A delight to work with, as anyone will tell you. Spent ten months on *One Life to Live* as Maxie McDermott. Was nominated for a Daytime Emmy Award. Starred in *Harrigan 'n Hart* on Broadway. Appears weekly as Kit Cavanaugh on CBS's *The Cavanaughs*. Lives with her Chihuahua, Lucy Margarita Cerromar. 3



**MARY GROSS**  
1981-85

Played a vacationing secretary in *Club Paradise*. Plays a secretary named Jennifer in upcoming Diane Keaton movie *Baby Boom*. Says her ICM agent: "She's doing a lot of writing."



**GAIL MATTHIUS**  
1980-81

Played a "vegetarian nut" in *Airplane II: The Sequel*. Wrote and performed a play, *Beside Ourselves*, with fellow SNL alumnus Denny Dillon. Costars as Alice in the Nutri-Grain cereal commercials. Did voice for Judy Jetson's archrival in several episodes of the new animated TV show *The Jetsons*.



**TONY ROSATO**  
1981-82

Arguably the Olivier of comedy. Played walk-on named Joe DeVito on the third new Perry Mason TV movie. Played a sidekick on the failed TV pilot *Popeye Doyle*. Played a game show host on *Hot Shots*, a Canadian TV crime show.



**LARAINÉ NEWMAN**  
1975-80

Fortunately, Laraine discovered that she had crossover appeal in movies. Got a nose job. Played Jamie Lee Curtis's nymphomaniacal girlfriend in *Perfect*. Played a troubled mom in the 1986 remake of *Invaders From Mars*. Recently attended a party at Todd Rundgren's manager's home in Los Angeles.





Federal judge  
DAVID EDELSTEIN has  
the perfect mean  
old man's job:  
he gets to rant and  
rave at sassy young  
whippersnappers  
for the rest of  
his life in the most  
visible trial court in  
the country. New  
York's top lawyers  
told TAD FRIEND  
all about the  
eccentric they fear  
and loathe—

## THE "RED PEN INCIDENT"

was quite simple and mysterious. On March 3, 1977, in a federal courtroom in Manhattan, lawyer Thomas D. Barr of Cravath, Swaine & Moore jabbed his red felt-tip pen in the air to drive home a point. As lead counsel for IBM in the anti-trust case *USA v. IBM*, then midway through its tortuous 13-year passage, Barr, one of America's most prominent litigators, had made thousands of points and would go on, indefatigably, to make thousands more. But Chief Judge David Edel-

# *the* CRANKIEST



stein, who believed he had “never had a trial with so much acrimony,” suddenly went a little haywire. The exchange proceeded like this:

BARR: Your Honor, you should understand this. I have a—

EDELSTEIN: *Now, look, don't you point any finger or any pen at me! Now, you just behave yourself. What you need is a lesson in good manners. Now, stop it.*

BARR: Your Honor, I am sorry for—

EDELSTEIN: *I think you have had too many*





# JUDGE *in* AMERICA

*indulgences, and you have been a very spoiled brat. Now, stop it! Don't you ever point a finger at me again. Now, you did! And this is not the first time that this has occurred.*

BARR: Your Honor, I was not pointing my finger at the court. I was trying to emphasize—

EDELSTEIN: *It was in my direction.*

BARR: I was simply, with my hand—



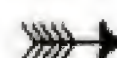
Manhattan's federal courthouse

EDELSTEIN: *I consider that threatening and bullying, and stop it.*

After some further protestations, the incident reached its curious conclusion.

BARR: Your Honor, I happened to have the pen in my hand. I would not, under any circumstances, address anything approaching a threat to—

EDELSTEIN: *I am not myopic—I am not shortsighted! My vision is reasonably good, and it was in my direction, and that is a finding of fact.*





LAWYERS WHO HAVE APPEARED before U.S. District Court Judge Edelstein in his drab courtroom, near City Hall, often cite the Red Pen Incident to bolster their claims that the 77-year-old Edelstein is dangerous, evil—a *madman*! Here was the chief judge of the most important trial court in the United States, presiding over one of the three most important business-law cases of the past 20 years (the other two being the antitrust case that led to the breakup of AT&T and the ongoing *Pennzoil v. Texaco* donnybrook), acting not like a wise, impartial mediator but like a screwball adversary. Indeed, Judge Edelstein was acting almost like—oh, dear—well, almost like a lawyer.

New York litigators, who customarily present one side of a story, a “positioned truth,” are accustomed to being doubted, so they are as aggrieved as fibbers who are finally being honest when they tell of a judge who, they believe, is progovernment in criminal trials, erratic in civil trials and anti-lawyer all the time. (Only one of the two dozen lawyers interviewed praised Edelstein. Almost all the lawyers spoke on the condition that they not be identified, as they feared retribution in the courtroom from

Judge Edelstein or one of his colleagues.) One mild and courteous litigator becomes visibly upset at the mere mention of Edelstein’s name. He says, in a rush of emotion, “[Edelstein] can strike at you in a vicious, vicious way. I was ill the entire time I was trying the case before him—he drove me to sickness. I dreaded it—I was shaking.” Another lawyer casts about for words and finally says, with uncharacteristic venom, “I hate him.”

A lawyer who recently appeared before Edelstein recalls that just before the trial, the judge called him into his chambers and said beguilingly, “I have a standing rule in the courtroom. I want the government to be totally open in this case.... If they give you any problem, come to me.” The trial began calmly, and the lawyer was optimistic about his chances. Then Judge Edelstein began to punctuate the proceedings with what the lawyer regarded as strange interludes of unexpected bias against his client. He soon realized that his only problem was Edelstein.

As in the early scenes of a horror movie, the ambience in Judge Edelstein’s courtroom is deceptively serene. Then the hero makes a foolish decision and the audience cringes. (*Don’t follow that line of questioning!*

*Don’t go into the basement alone!*) Lawyers quail at the memory of an aroused Edelstein scattering interjections, contemptuous looks and threats of sanctions—veiled and then swiftly unveiled—against attorneys who get uppity. A former judicial colleague of Edelstein’s briskly describes him as “incompetent, pompous, unimpressive” and speculates, as others have, that the judge is belligerent because he feels “insecure and out of his depth.”

To be sure, Edelstein is proud of his professional status. A colleague who once gave him a lift home to his uptown apartment recalls that Edelstein was “deadly serious” about sitting in back, as befitted a man of his station. When a testimonial dinner was given for Edelstein several years ago at the University Club on Fifth Avenue, a number of those invited believed that Edelstein had engineered the event to honor himself—that, as one prominent lawyer puts it, “it was not a spontaneous dinner.”

Yet Edelstein is visited by moments of grace. Though he will shout, “Stop interrupting me!” at his own clerks when they try to persuade him to behave more soberly, he is also said to be genial with them in chambers. He is usually well prepared, occasionally writes well-thought-out opinions and is considered a fair, even lenient, sentencer.

But Edelstein’s true mercy is inadvertent. When he acts upon his apparent belief that, as one lawyer puts it, “defending a [criminal] case is a waste of time and the public’s money,” it sometimes backfires. Another lawyer, who won a case before Edelstein, says, “[He’s] trying so hard to help the prosecution, so hard to discredit the defense, that the jury will acquit out of a sense of fairness. [By doing this] he helped me.”

The musty epithets Judge Edelstein attracts—“boor,” “idiot,” “Captain Queeg” and “son of a bitch”—are fashioned to fit a 77-year-old judge who has been on the bench since 1951. One lawyer who has been before Edelstein twice says simply and aptly, “He is an angry man.” The description recalls those John Osborne heroes of the fifties who raged at others’ stupidities and their own insecurities—men who, like Judge Edelstein, had seen too much to suffer in silence. (Nonetheless, Judge Edelstein did not reply to requests for an interview.)

Ironically, it was once thought that Edelstein lacked the requisite experience for his duties. When President Truman made his surprising nomination of Edelstein, then a Justice Department lawyer, the New York



**Edelstein erupts: "I have just given you an instruction.... Abide by it!"**



City Bar, the New York State Bar and the American Bar Association all opposed his confirmation; they told the Senate Judiciary Committee that Edelstein lacked sufficient experience. The New York City Bar representative noted gravely that Edelstein had a mediocre record at Fordham Law School and had failed the state bar exam three times. Nonetheless, Edelstein was confirmed.

If a career in the most prominent federal court in the country can be said to pass uneventfully, for two decades Edelstein's did. He was sometimes abrupt and impatient—as all judges sometimes are, especially when they must deal with incompetent or abusive lawyers. But Edelstein made a reputation less for his courtroom behavior and decisions than for being a convivial cocktail soul—dinner chairman of this, speaker at that, Mason, Bar Association fixture and visible friend of the late Roy Cohn. One lawyer says bemusedly, “He could knife you all day, but at the Bar function that night he's a sweet old man.”

Edelstein became chief justice in 1971 and held the post until 1980, when his 70th birthday and tradition compelled him to relinquish it. Edelstein could have retired at full pay when he turned 65, but, though he would later complain often about his age and health—once even to a jury, in an attempt to prod them to a verdict—and about “subsidizing this job out of private resources,” he stayed on.

For he felt he had become a hostage to the case he was overseeing: the government's antitrust suit against IBM. The suit, filed in January 1969, was the Johnson Justice Department's last official act—a gesture subsequent administrations must have considered uniquely unnecessary. Even before the trial began, the litigants had deluged each other with millions of pages of documents, and the trial transcript would finally run to 144,000 pages. In spite of these *Bleak House* dimensions, or perhaps because of them, Judge Edelstein envisioned the case securing him a place in history. He even boldly declared at a pretrial hearing in 1973 that he intended to prove that the legal system is “so advanced and so sophisticated that there is no case that is unmanageable and cannot go to trial. And proving that will be as important as the eventual outcome of this case.”

When the IBM trial finally began, in 1975, Edelstein thought it would take a year to complete and another year for him to write a decision. On the first afternoon of the

trial, Edelstein, eager to spank the case along, said of the Justice Department's opening statement that “not a single thing said today has been informative.” But the trial limped along well beyond the expected year, and as it continued, Edelstein's relations with the platoon of lawyers from Cravath, Swaine & Moore who represented IBM became increasingly bitter. David Boies, one of Cravath's lead litigators, says wonderingly, “I've never had that kind of adversarial relationship with a judge.” But Cravath—with its arrogant, fearless soldiers of fortune, such as the red-pen-waving Thomas Barr—is notorious for its belief that litigation is an all-out war, and it did not seek to ease the tensions.

What it did instead, in 1979, was ask the judge to remove himself because his conduct had shown “a personal bias and prejudice” against IBM and in favor of the government. IBM's 2,000-page motion noted, among other things, that Judge Edelstein had sustained objections by the government 60 percent of the time and by IBM less than 3 percent of the time. (Of course, litigators anticipating an appeal often scatter ridiculous objections like grape-shot in an effort to make the judge look

biased.) In affidavits, various IBM witnesses decried the judge's scowling, shouting, high-handed behavior. Thomas Spain, IBM's former director of industry relations, said, “I have never seen before or since a human being wield and abuse his granted power and authority in such a demeaning, inconsiderate, abusive and despotic manner.” Arjay Miller, the retired dean of Stanford Business School, agreed: “At no time in my life have I felt so abused and demeaned as I did at the hands of Judge Edelstein.”

Not surprisingly, both Edelstein and an appeals court denied IBM's motion to give the case to a different judge. The point of the foredoomed effort may have been to attract the Justice Department's attention to the endless case. Under the laissez-faire Reagan administration, the Justice Department finally dropped the suit in January 1982—only four months before the case was to be submitted to Judge Edelstein for a ruling.

His moment in history denied, Edelstein was furious. He angrily demanded to know why the man in charge of the case for the government, Assistant Attorney General William Baxter, was absent when the dismissal was announced. Then he refused to listen to the answer.



**The Court of Appeals scolded Edelstein for calling defense statements "completely without merit," for telling a lawyer to "stop mumbling" and for calling one line of questioning "a bore and a waste of time"**

The agreement between IBM and the Justice Department should have ended the mess. But Judge Edelstein, upon discovering that Baxter had been a consultant to IBM lawyers in a previous antitrust case, sought to keep the case alive. He wanted to hold hearings to discover whether the Justice Department had "acted in the best interests of the public." Edelstein was only stopped by a forceful court of appeals ruling that said, "Judge Edelstein has abused his power by continuing a lawsuit which the parties have sought eagerly to dismiss."

That was the moment, it seems clear, at which Judge Edelstein became a full-blown crank. One lawyer who recently appealed a client's conviction before the Second Circuit Court of Appeals on the grounds that Judge Edelstein had denied his client a fair trial remembers a Justice Department lawyer telling him, "You're not going to win your appeal—because this is the least egregious of the three appeals against Judge Edelstein this month."

In one of those three cases, the defense counsel suggested in his opening remarks, unremarkably, that he would seek to show that even if his client had been technically guilty of tax evasion, his client was so unsophisticated in the ways of business that he hadn't realized what he was doing.

COUNSEL: The evidence brought out by the defense will show that [my client] comes from a humble background, that he left—

EDELSTEIN: *I don't think that is relevant whatsoever. I don't think it is an appropriate opening. Refrain.*

COUNSEL: I believe his education and work experience—

EDELSTEIN: *I know what you mean, and I have just given you an instruction!*

COUNSEL: May I approach the—

EDELSTEIN (now ranting, according to an observer): *Abide by it! Abide by it! There's no need for that!*

COUNSEL: May I discuss his education?

EDELSTEIN: *...I thought I made myself clear. I said it is inappropriate. Now, keep that admonition in mind. I don't want to dialogue with you any further.*

COUNSEL: But I would ask to approach the bench—

EDELSTEIN: *I said, sir, I don't want to dialogue with you any further.*

Judge Edelstein also repeatedly interrupted the defense summation, refusing even to countenance the lawyer's pro forma plea

## SOME ADVICE FOR JUDGE EDELSTEIN

From TV's *Divorce Court* Judge



WILLIAM  
B. KEENE

*After Justices Rehnquist and O'Connor of the Supreme Court and, of course, Judge Wapner of The People's Court, there is no more widely known American jurist than William B. Keene, who presides over Divorce Court (4:00 p.m. on CBS). Keene is, in fact, a retired California Superior Court judge. He has served as dean of California Judicial College, where new judges are trained for two weeks, and was named Outstanding Trial Jurist by the Los Angeles County Bar Association. As he prepared recently to tape a new season's worth of Divorce Court, which dramatizes "actual cases," Keene spoke to SPY about judicial temperament.*

### ON TELEVISION

We have lots of outbursts by litigants, and I jump in to tell them to shut up, but it's all for dramatic effect. But though it's just acting, sometimes, with the facts being what they are, I find myself getting incensed.

### ON LAWYERS VS. JUDGES

The only difference between a lawyer and a judge is that a judge knows a senator or a governor. The problem is that a lot of my colleagues believe they're different from lawyers, that they have been anointed rather than enrobed.

### ON LAWYERS

I don't think lawyers should be intimidated by an intemperate judge. What you should do is stand your ground, in a very courteous way, and suggest that you shouldn't be treated in such a manner. Before some judges, of course, that doesn't work.

### ON JUDGES

When I was in a supervisory position, I would discuss with my fellow judges complaints I had received about their courtroom and ask them to take them into consideration. The answer from some irascible individuals was "Don't tell me how to run my court—you just worry about your court." So with some judges you just throw up your hands. ☹



that the jury consider the solemnity of its task. The judge delivered a stream of withering remarks to the jury that indicated an extreme skepticism about the defense's case. Finally, the defense lawyer, in a feeble attempt to mitigate the damage, asked the judge to instruct the members of the jury that it is their recollection of the testimony that counts. But Edelstein punctuated this instruction by noting, "Well, I hope they do, because that's essential to find out the extent to which there have been *distortions of fact and inaccuracies* [emphasis added]." Then he said to the defense lawyer, "That's enough from you."

The appeals court did not find Edelstein's behavior prejudicial. Nor did it find that Judge Edelstein had erred enough to reverse the convictions in the two other cases that came up at the same time. In one of those cases, *United States of America v. Joseph R. Pisani*, when defense counsel Alan Levine attempted to argue a point out of the jury's hearing, the conversation went like this:

LEVINE: Your Honor, may I be heard?

EDELSTEIN: *I see no reason to hear you. All your comments have been placed in the record, and that's it.*

LEVINE: I would like the opportunity to be heard.

EDELSTEIN: *Write it out.*

With a child's sense of fair play, Levine kept trying to protest. Finally:

LEVINE: How come the government isn't obligated to [make its objections in writing]?"

EDELSTEIN: *If I hear that comment again, I will consider sanctions. You use the oldest ploy in the world: "You are treating the government lightly, you are not treating me lightly." That's hogwash. Write it out!*

In reviewing *Pisani*, the appeals court did note reprovingly that "with distressing frequency... Judge Edelstein made comments in the jury's presence that could better have been avoided, such as needlessly characterizing counsel's questions or statements as 'improper' and 'completely without merit.' He also may have suggested to the jury a negative perception of defense counsel's competence by directing him to 'stop mumbling,' by stating that a particular line of questioning was 'a bore and a waste of time,' and by implying several times that counsel was misleading the jury."



This fairly mild rebuke did not satisfy those lawyers who think that, as one puts it, "the [Second] Circuit Court has been wimpy" concerning Edelstein. In 1972 Judge Edelstein, speaking in support of a proposal to provide for more appeals of sentences, had said, "I think I would like to have the thought that in the event I went haywire, there would be somebody above me.... I would sort of like that guardian angel." Many lawyers feel the Second Circuit has abdicated its responsibility as guardian. "Forty years ago," one says sharply, "we prosecuted the high judges of Germany for doing what the Second Circuit does today — rubber-stamping. This is what causes these types of judges to do what they do. When they know anything they do is going to be condoned, it's a license to be in-temperate."

Since the only court higher than the Court of Appeals is the Supreme Court, which would almost certainly not hear an appeal based on judicial bias, a lawyer would have to get at Edelstein through the provisions of a law passed in 1980 that established procedures for filing complaints against federal judges. But the act is cumbersome and toothless. In their frustration,

some lawyers have even suggested that the spectacle of Judge Edelstein is a powerful argument against life tenure.

The one lawyer who has appeared before Judge Edelstein and praises him, Stanley Teitler, suggests that defense lawyers' frustrations with the conservative judicial climate increase the tensions in Edelstein's courtroom. Lawyers who believe they must aggressively defend their clients at a time when their clients' rights are being steadily curtailed face a delicate tactical question before Judge Edelstein. Teitler (who lost his one case before Edelstein) says he got along with Edelstein by showing him "appropriate respect.... You have to take into account his age and his long service—you can't hurry the fellow. If he gets angry, you keep your mouth shut and go on to the next point."

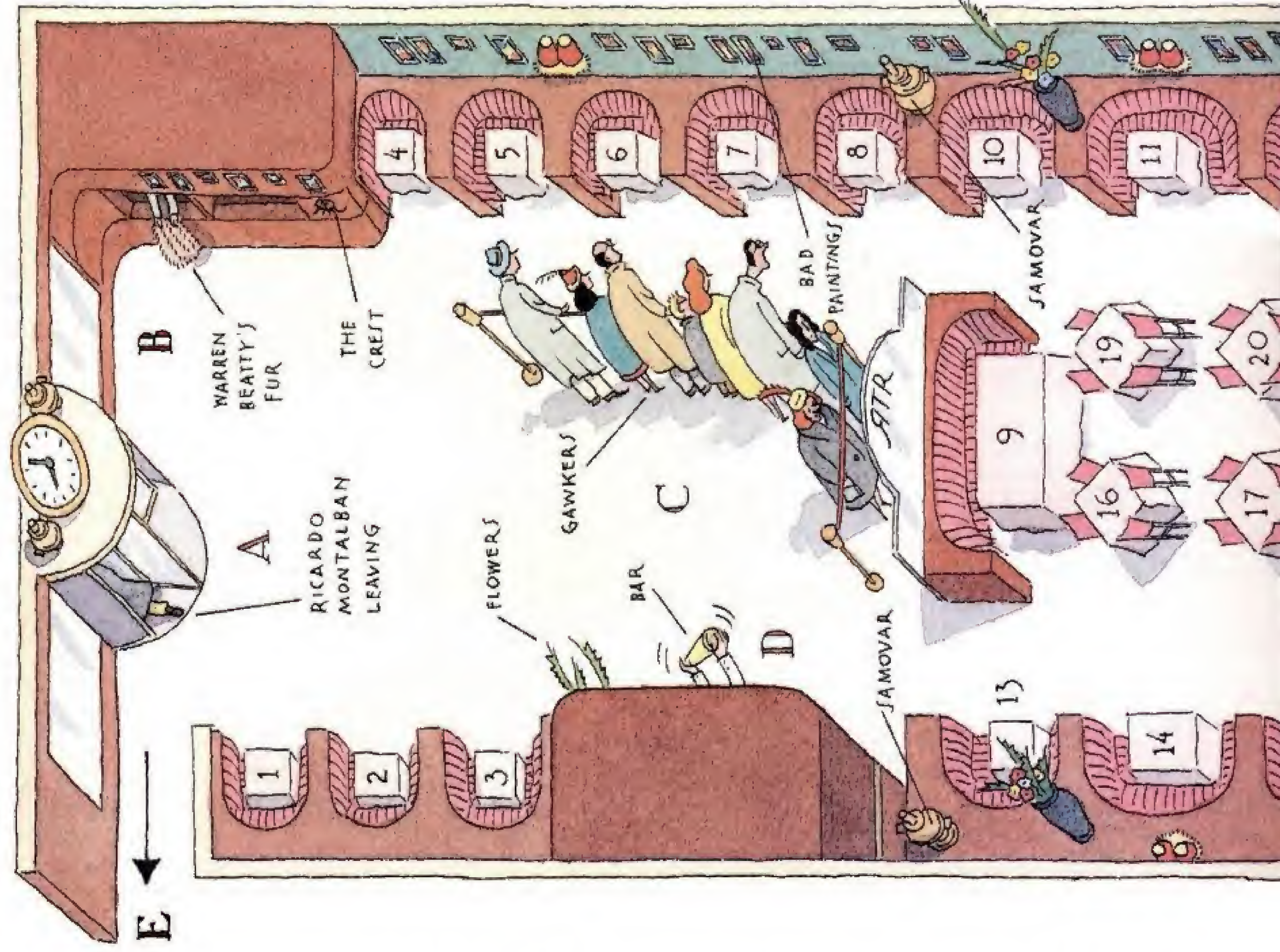
Another lawyer says, "I think most lawyers who appear before [Edelstein] become incredibly obsequious—it's a strategy." So terrible is Judge Edelstein's wrath that lawyers find themselves defending not their clients but themselves—they grow as meek, as deferential, as court eunuchs. Sometimes even servility does not work. A lawyer known for his humility says ruefully, "I tried to lick Edelstein's boots. He kicked me." ☹



# "My Usual, Highly Visible Booth, Please, Ona"

## FRONT BOOTHS

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MORTON JANKLOW—AND A  
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IN HER OWN RIGHT  
MARTY KLEIN  
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WHEN HE'S IN TOWN  
MAUREEN STAPLETON  
WEEPY ACTRESS



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ACTOR
- 13- SAM COHN  
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ARTHUR PENN  
AND  
PETER YATES
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## BACK-OF-THE-ROOM BOOTHS



STAR BOOTH #1,

GENERALLY RESERVED  
FOR BIG, IF TIRED, NAMES FROM  
THE COAST LIKE

RODDY McDOWALL;

BIG-LEAGUE SHOW-BIZ  
EXECUTIVES LIKE ICM  
CHAIRMAN

MARVIN JOSEPHSON;

AND OTHERS, INCLUDING  
ONCE-TALENTED DIRECTOR  
MIKE NICHOLS;

IRVING "SWIFTY" LAZAR;

SHUBERT THEATER MOGUL

GERALD SCHOENFELD;

UPPER EAST SIDE

SPAGHETTI ENTREPRENEUR  
ELAINE KAUFMAN;

TV NEWS STAR AND  
POWER FLIRT

DIANE SAWYER;

AND

SALLY LEFKOWITZ

WIDOW OF WILLIAM MORRIS  
AGENT NAT LEFKOWITZ

STAR BOOTH #2,

SAVED FOR  
RECOGNIZABLE  
FACES, EVEN IF THOSE FACES  
HAPPEN TO BELONG TO  
THE LIKES OF

TONY RANDALL,

VIRGINIA GRAHAM

OR JACQUELINE SUSANN  
APOLOGIST

IRVING MANSFIELD.

ALSO:

GARSON KANIN,

MICHAEL CAINE

AND

WOODY ALLEN

ERICA SPELLMAN

ICM AGENT

MERYL STREEP

ALBERT FINNEY

HIGH-DOMED, FUR-BEARING ACTOR

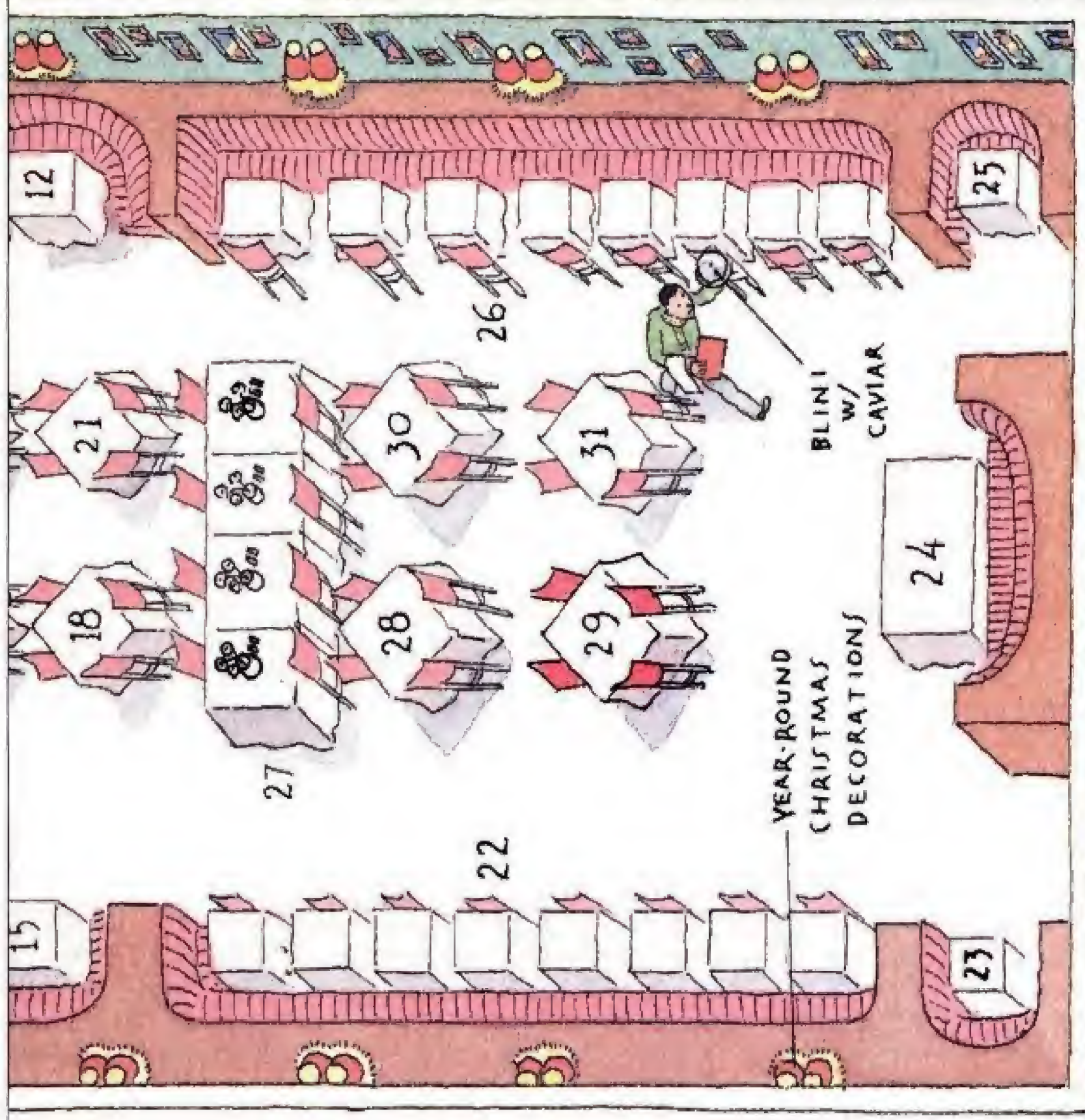
WARREN BEATTY

SHORT FORMER CELEBRITY

DICK CAVETT

AND FORMER LITERARY GIANT

JOSEPH HELLER



The SPY Map of Who's Who at Lunch at

# THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM

## THE FOOD IS SO-SO

*and the decor verges on the vulgar, but if you hunger for the sight of more-or-less glamorous, self-important people dripping borscht down their chins and squirting chicken Kiev butter on their ties, this is your place. So suck in your stomach, watch that Q.T. tan line and slide into a pair of tassled lifts. You're at home, baby.*

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA

## UNEMBARRASSING SEMI-IMPORTANT BACK-OF-THE-ROOM

### "PELMENY CLUB"

OF THE EPONYMOUS,  
VILE-TASTING BEEF AND VEAL  
DUMPLINGS ON MENU;  
MEETS ON WEDNESDAYS;  
IF YOU DROP BY,

YOU HAVE TO TELL A JOKE.  
ONE CAN ONLY IMAGINE THE FUN.

MEMBERS INCLUDE SCREENWRITER  
ANDREW BERGMAN,

ALLITERATIVE TV CRITIC

JOEL SIEGEL,

DIDACTIC U.S. NEWS WRITER

MICHAEL KRAMER,

ADMAN

JERRY DELLA FEMINA,

ABC NEWS CORRESPONDENT

JEFF GREENFIELD

AND

GERRY IMBER,

"PLASTIC SURGEON TO THE STARS"

UNEMBARRASSING BOOTH

OF LAST RESORT

FREQUENTED BY AGENTS  
FROM ICM AND APA

DIANE SOKOLOV

FILM PRODUCER

## LONG TABLE ("STEPPE")

FREQUENTED LARGELY BY  
NON-SHOW-BUSINESS PEOPLE,  
WHO IN A GROUP

LOOK LIKE THEY ARE HAVING AN  
OFFICE GOING-AWAY PARTY

## BACK-OF-THE-ROOM TABLES ("SIBERIA")

## NAVIGATIONAL LANDMARKS

A. FRONT REVOLVING DOOR

B. COAT CHECKROOM

C. ROPED-IN HOLDING PEN  
FOR NONFAMOUS

D. BAR

E. STAIRWAY TO GULAG














GOOD *novelists*, BAD *novelists* — *they're all chumps unless they're best-selling novelists. As far as we're concerned, nothing but high-priced fiction will do, whether it's an Elmore Leonard (\$1.5 million per mystery), a John Jakes (\$4 million per bad historical epic) or a James Clavell (\$5 million per really bad historical epic). So come along now, as soon-to-be-best-selling author ELLIS WEINER (Decade of the Year, E. P. Dutton) takes us on an all-star, all-expenses-paid tour of the*

# PROSE STYLES *of* *the* RICH FAMOUS





IN A HUNDRED DIFFERENT  TONGUES  
of a thousand different places; on the grandest  
themes or  the smallest of subjects;  
intended for all of humanity  throughout  
history  or for an esoteric enclave existing  
ephemerally for an evanescent instant — these are  
the prose styles  of the rich and famous.  
Come with us on a whirlwind tour, as we   
 taste of the achievements in leitmotiv and  
language, content  and concept, imagery  
and imagination, that have increased  by  
an  incalculable increment the collective  
culture and literary legacy  of all mankind.



**T**hroughout the grinding of our souls in the gears of the great Nighttime Institution, when our souls are pulverized and our flesh hangs down in tatters like a beggar's rags, we suffer too much and are too immersed in our own pain to rivet with penetrating and far-seeing gaze those pale night executioners who torture us.

THESE ARE THE WORDS OF **ALEKSANDR I. SOLZHENITSYN** in his epic and unforgettable account of the Soviet slave-labor camps, *The Gulag Archipelago*—a world-class style for a world-class writer. With its mesmerizing meter and inexorable industrial imagery, this is a narration unafraid of the sound of its own voice. The repetition of *souls* tolls like



the bell that tolls for whom we must never send to know. It tolls for thee, and we. And it tolls for Solzhenitsyn, for whom that telltale toll would one day turn into the tintinnabulating, tonic tinkle of cash registers around the world, as this somber, sober, serious Soviet, this émigré eminence on the edge of existence, would live to see his prose styled into blockbuster best-sellers from Walla Walla

to Baden-Baden to Pago Pago. For Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, cozily ensconced in his fabulous, hyperexclusive New England compound, it's Gulag moola and Archipelago a-go-go as readers keep rushin' to the bookstores.

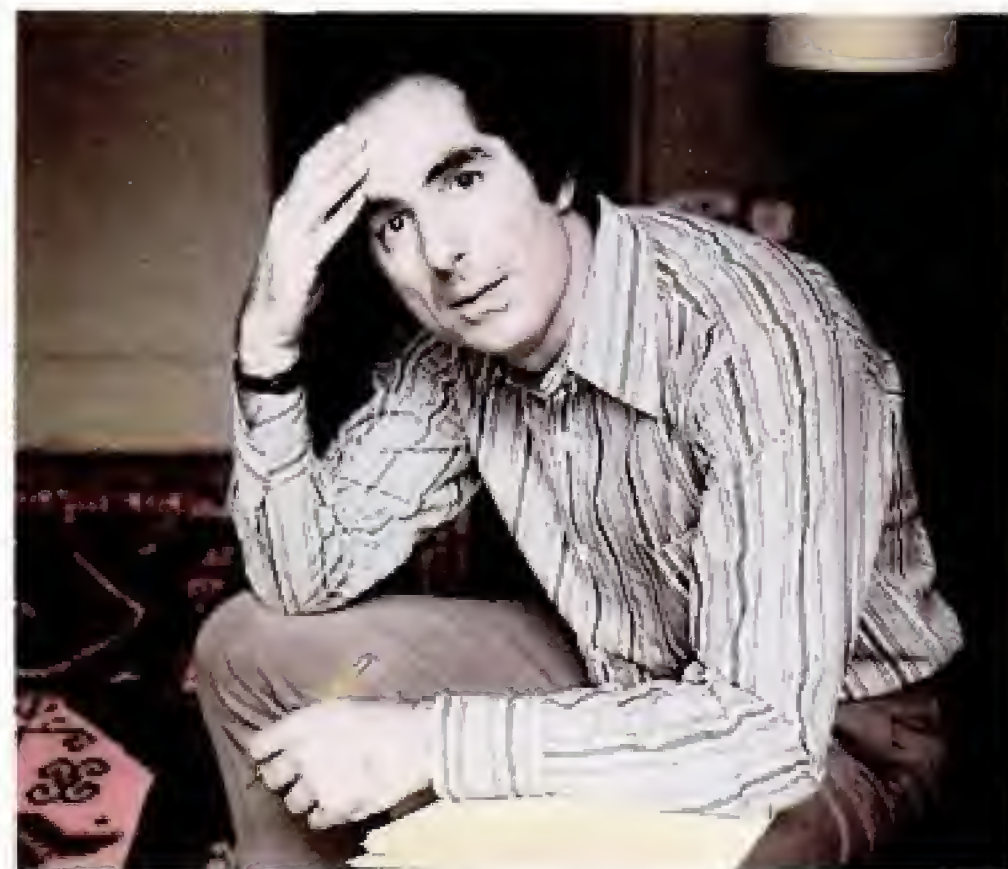
###

MEANWHILE, a few hundred miles down America's Eastern Seaboard, another sort of stylist explores his own perspective on the human condition:

*Oh, the mandel bread was a much better idea. Homely, tangible, and to the point of Victor Zuckerman's real life and a Jewish family deathbed scene. But the oration on mandel bread was Essie being Essie, and this, however foolish, was himself being himself. Proceed, Nathan, to father the father.*

The singsong Yiddish tone, the underlying irony, the rueful self-consciousness and self-conscious rue—the prose style, unmistakably, of **PHILIP ROTH**. In the *Zuckerman Bound* trilogy, Roth distills the perceptions and preoccupations of a lifetime, a lifetime spent in the single-minded pursuit of art as only he—progenitor of Portnoy, and the man who one day discovered America saying hello to *Goodbye, Columbus*—could pursue it.

But no trivial pursuit this: Hollywood was quick to beat a path to his door, as Roth's smash novella



became the hit film of the season, starring Richard Benjamin and introducing the ravishing Ali MacGraw as the pampered princess Brenda Patimkin. Benjamin would go on to star in the movie version of *Portnoy's Complaint*, and, although far less successful than its filmic forbear, this too would only add cash to the coffers and renown to the name of the already rich and famous Roth. The world now awaits eagerly what stylish prose Roth has next in store for his readers of both the Jewish and the Gentile persuasion.

###

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE that there be a prose style of a writer more rich and even more famous than Philip Roth. But the impossible becomes not only the possible but the actual in the presence of these sentences:

*As France was caving in, people began at last to perceive that a main turn of mankind's destiny now hung on flying machines... Massive bombings of cities from the air had, for some years after the First World War, been considered war's ultimate and unthinkable horror.*



This could only be the prose style of **HERMAN WOUK**, storyteller extraordinaire. Who but the author of *The Winds of War* could capture, in a single phrase, the caving-in of France, the hanging of destiny on flying machines and the paradox of consider-

**T**his somber, sober, serious Soviet has lived to see his prose styled into blockbuster best-sellers from Walla Walla to Baden-Baden to Pago Pago



ing something unthinkable. This is prose as only the creator of *The Caine Mutiny* and *Marjorie Morningstar*, both made into fabulous motion picture extravaganzas, can style it. Who but Wouk, whose output is exceeded only by his income, could have written

**T**he commander found Dr. Kirby, long legs sprawled, reading a German industrial journal and smoking a pipe, which, with black-rimmed glasses, much enhanced his professorial look.

A pipe wearing black-rimmed glasses: this, truly, is a prose style to make Roth seem reticent and Solzhenitsyn soulless. All this, and royalties fit for a king, make Herman Wouk the premier prose stylist of the rich and famous throughout the world, wherever first-rate means first-class, and you can't spell *literature* without the *l* as in *luxury*.

# # #

THE PREMIER PROSE STYLIST, that is, except for one.

**A** vision of a naked, giant, hairy body jumped onto the screen of her lids and she climaxed even before her husband was inside her.



Yes, it can be none other than the incomparable **HAROLD ROBBINS**. Whether in the blockbusting, best-selling *The Betsy* or any of his numerous other novelistic triumphs, Robbins's is the prose style that has set the standard for the rich, the famous and the fabulously successful. Keep your loquacious Ludlums and your clangorous Kings, your monstrous Micheners and your colossal Clavells. Whether vacationing at superfabulous spas around the globe and tantalizingly trendy spots throughout the world or working in one of his many palatial homes, Robbins personifies the stylishness, the prosiness, the richness and the famousness that have made novel-writing synonymous with glamour, glitter and glory. It's

**Amaretto di Balint**

56 proof © 1987, Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, NJ Photo: Ken Nahoum.

strictly caviar conversation and champagne she-nanigans, Sevruga celebration and Moët musings, Beluga banter and Perrier-Jouet posturings when Robbins sits down to his ultraprofessional IBM Selectric typewriter—estimated cash value, \$950—to create another novelistic extravaganza about the lusts and loves, the triumphs and tragedies, the heartbreaks and headaches of some of the most privileged, pulchritudinous and powerful people ever to populate the printed page. The accommodations are deluxe, the women delicious, the gourmet meals delightful, the clothing and jewelry divine for this master magician of sentences and sentiment. How fitting, then, to leave to him the last word.

*Somehow she became confused, the man and the machine they were one and the same and the strength was something else she had never known before. And finally, when orgasm after orgasm had racked her body into a searing sheet of flame and she could bear no more, she cried out to him in French.*

*"Take your pleasure with me! Take your pleasure with me! Quick, before I die!"*

Stylish prose indeed. And now let us thank you for taking your pleasure with us. Here's hoping your every *mot* is *juste*, your every opus magnum, until the next time we experience...the Prose Styles of the Rich and Famous. ☺

**R**obbins personifies the stylishness, the prosiness, the richness and the famousness that have made novel-writing synonymous with glamour, glitter and glory



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**SUNDAY** 6:00 a.m. Channel 5. *Robert Schuller*. This week Schuller uses the parable of the loaves and fishes to illustrate how piety and prosperity go hand in hand. 7:00 a.m. Channel 5. *Jimmy Swaggart*. Americans are in danger of suffering the fate of Lot's wife, Swaggart declares this week. 7:00 a.m. Channel 11. *Jerry Falwell*. Nuclear arms control, according to Falwell's sermon, amounts to surrendering to the Pharisees. 7:00 a.m. Channel 47. *Oral Roberts*. Roberts makes the case that expensive medical technology is really just a different form of faith healing. 8:00 a.m. Channel 41. *The 700 Club*. Pat Robertson takes the show on the road.

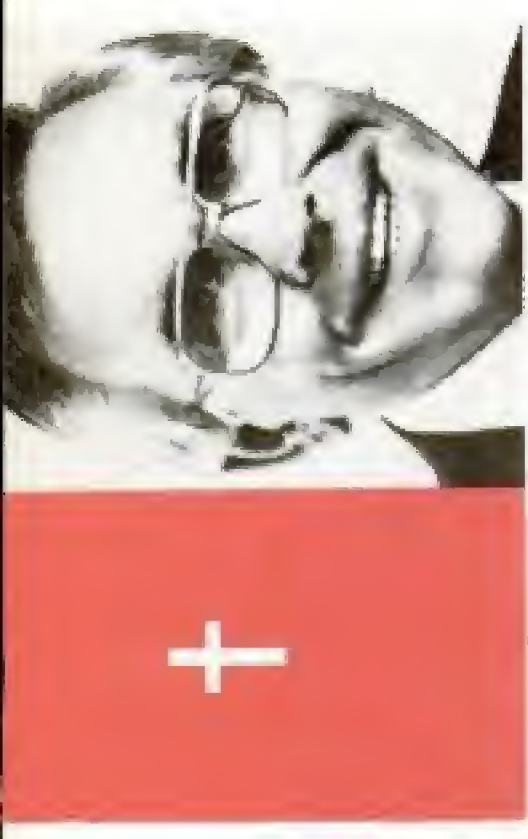




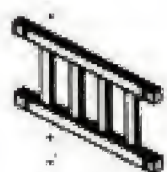


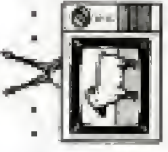
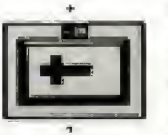



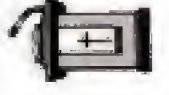
## ORNICATION

is a horrible sin. We know it. Jim Bakker *really* knows it. With his one lurid episode in a cheap Florida hotel room and the scandal that followed, Bakker has undone what no man should have put asunder—he has shown that TV's fringe-Christian pantheon is riddled with all manner of rivalries and abominations. Who will come out on top among the loons and charlatans on TV? The disgraced Bakker? Foul-breathed Jimmy Swaggart? Smug, churlish Jerry Falwell, or maniacally serene Robert Schuller? Smooth, scary Pat Robertson, or showboating, money-hungry Oral Roberts? ERIC KAPLAN presents, miracle by miracle, the

## *Battle of the Network Evangelists*

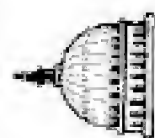




JIM BAKKER		JIMMY SWAGGART		ROBERT SCHULLER	
	Age	46		50	60
	Assets	\$700,000 in real estate, including a \$404,000 home now up for sale in Palm Desert, California	270-acre headquarters; includes 15,000-square-foot printing plant and television and recording studios	The Crystal Cathedral	
	Organization	The PTL ("Praise the Lord" and "People That Love") Network, from which Bakker was expelled	Jimmy Swaggart Ministries	Reformed Church at the Cathedral	
	Organization's Annual Income	\$129 million	\$142 million	Unavailable	
	Denomination	Assemblies of God	Pentecostal	Reformed Church of America	
	Television Show	<i>The Jim and Tammy Show</i> , with his wife, Tammy Bakker. Rating: 220,000 households	<i>The Jimmy Swaggart Hour</i> . Rating: 1,046,000 households	<i>Hour of Power</i> . Rating: 1,277,000 households	
	Headquarters	Charlotte, North Carolina	Baton Rouge, Louisiana	Garden Grove, California	
	Typical Item of Income	When the Christian Broadcasting Network was in a financial crisis, Bakker said on the air, "We need \$10,000," and started to cry; the cameras recorded his tears dripping down onto the studio floor. That night CBN raised \$105,000	Gifts of \$999 have entitled the charitable ones to accompany Swaggart and his wife on the annual Hawaiian Crusade	Worshippers can contribute to have their names inscribed on cushioned chairs in the Crystal Cathedral	
	Typical Item of Expenditure	A \$265,000 "tip" for Jessica Hahn after enjoying a quarter of an hour of her performing "all the tricks of the trade"	An \$11,000 desk for wife Frances's office	\$18 million for cathedral, which Schuller calls "a work of art" and "a super bargain for everyone"	
	The Fun Side of Christ	Heritage USA, a 2,300-acre Great Adventure for the God-minded	Swaggart's campaign to keep his rocker cousin Jerry Lee Lewis's soul out of hell	Schuller's church offers ice cream parties and luaus for "positive Christian singles"	
	On Religion	"It's not listed in the Bible," says Bakker, "but my spiritual gift, my specific calling from God, is to be a television talk-show host"	Catholics are "poor, pitiful individuals who think they have enriched themselves spiritually by kissing the pope's ring." Calvinism is "the first lie of hell." "Don't <i>ever</i> bargain with Jesus. He's a Jew"	Christian life is a divinely sanctioned "ego trip." The original sin was poor self-image. You can become a new person in five steps: fantasize, analyze, verbalize, organize and concretize	



## On Politics



Upon being investigated for bait-and-switch tactics by the FCC, Bakker said, "I don't believe all the bureaucrats in the federal government can stop God"

Congress and the Supreme Court are "institutions damned by God"

No comment

## Tricks & Miracles



God spoke prophetic words through Bakker's daughter Tammy Sue, predicting the Second Coming in language "far beyond her knowledge and years." Bakker himself claims to be able to speak in tongues and heal the sick

A Baton Rouge newspaper dropped his weekly column last month after parts of his Easter Sunday column were discovered to have been plagiarized; also, Swaggart claims to have spoken in tongues since the age of nine

Had a photograph of himself that was taken in Orange County rigged up to look as if he were standing at the Great Wall of China and mailed it to his followers

## Repented Sin



Fifteen minutes of adultery with a woman "very professional for 21 years of age"

Dropped out of school with Jerry Lee and led a wild life

Poor self-image

## Merchandise

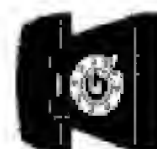


Charitable contributors can receive the PTL Masters' Art Collection, including a painting of Jesus so moving that "Tammy cannot look at it without crying"; \$1,000 used to get three free nights at the Heritage USA hotel (it's another \$265,000 for a fourth night with Jessica Hahn)

Record albums, including *Jimmy Swaggart's Greatest Hits* (also available on eight-track tape or cassette); cassette recordings of Swaggart's sermons; also, photo albums, calendars, Christmas cards, songbooks and JESUS SAVES pen sets

A star necklace with the inscription **TURN YOUR SCARS INTO STARS**. The director of administration at the Crystal Cathedral explains, "The minute we stop offering gifts, our revenues go down dramatically"

## God's Personal Relationship to Him



Cordial. When Tammy first began wearing cosmetics, she feared His displeasure. She says that she asked God about cosmetics and He was so encouraging that she decided to start her own line for women hoping to duplicate her look of a hasty yet jovial embalming job

Close

Friendly

## The Devil



Accusations of rampant homosexuality and wife swapping at PTL

According to Swaggart, Jerry Lee Lewis has the Devil in him

No comment

## Account of the PTL Controversy



"I was wickedly manipulated... with the aid of a female confederate." He has confessed that this was an effort to win back Tammy's grim charms from country grotesque Gary Paxton

"A cancer that needed to be excised from the body of Christ. The Gospel of Jesus Christ has never sunk to such a level as it has today"

"A hostile takeover was in the works" at PTL, but Falwell prevented it

## Characteristic Structure



The Total Image Center

The Jimmy Swaggart Bible College

The Crystal Cathedral, a 12-story edifice shaped like a four-pointed star; one arm of the star slides open for drive-in communion with the Deity

## Lowly Origin

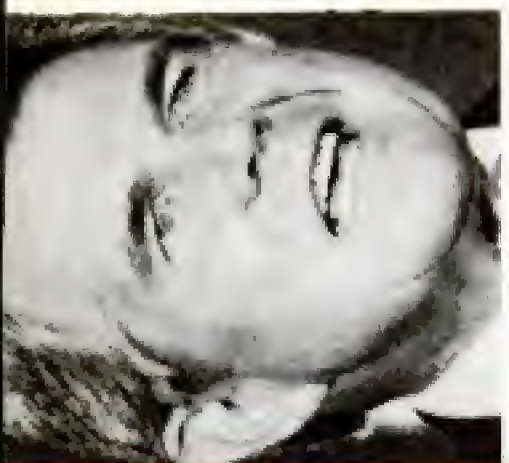


A Pentecostal puppet show with Tammy

Son of a moonshiner

A drive-in theater snack bar in Orange County. Schuller's theological pitch then was "Come as you are in the family car" →





## JERRY FALWELL

## ORAL ROBERTS

## PAT ROBERTSON

**Age** 52

69

57

**Assets**

150-year-old house provided by the church; Israeli-built corporate jet

His son Richard lives in a donated house with a 432-square-foot closet

Lives in a \$400,000 "chancellery" owned by CBN and uses a CBN stable and a CBN country home

**Organization**

The Moral Majority

Oral Roberts Evangelistic Association

The Christian Broadcasting Network

**Organization's Annual Income**

\$73.5 million

\$55 million

\$129 million

**Denomination**

Fundamentalist

United Methodist (formerly Pentecostal Holiness)

Republican

**Television Show**

*The Old Time Gospel Hour*. Rating: 547,000 households

*Oral Roberts and You*. Rating: 814,000 households

*The 700 Club*. Rating: 309,000 households

**Headquarters**

Lynchburg, Virginia

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Virginia Beach, Virginia

**Typical Item of Income**

Reportedly raised millions in contributions after televising footage of Vietnamese boat people (who received only a small fraction of the money, according to one of Falwell's former TV producers)

\$1.3 million from Florida dog-race czar who recommended psychiatric treatment for Roberts

\$129 million worth of contributions in one year

**Typical Item of Expenditure**

Building the Tomb of the Unborn Baby, an anti-abortion gesture

\$30 million to \$40 million for the decrepit and unneeded City of Faith, Roberts's faith-healing medicine complex

\$80 million for producing, programming and buying air and satellite time

**The Fun Side of Christ**

"If Heritage Village were to go down the tubes, it would affect every Christian person in America"

The Miss Teen-age America pageant, produced at Oral Roberts University

*Another Life*, a Jesuscentric soap, broadcast on CBN

**On Religion**

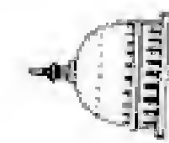
"In Christian schools, education begins with God...with God as the center of every subject....In science the student learns God's laws for the universe; in history, God's plan for the ages; and in civics, God's requirement of loyalty and support for the government. He has ordained"

A 900-foot Jesus (calculated weight: 32,000 pounds) visited Roberts in his bedroom in 1980

Robertson has viewers pray for miraculous financial prosperity by placing their hands on their TV sets. Like Oral Roberts's philosophy of "seed faith," Robertson's "Kingdom Principals" say that if you give, you will receive from God—with interest



## On Politics



"That [welfare] crowd ought to be left to starve until they decide that a job is a good deal"

No comment

Predicts a coming disaster that will include economic depression and looting. "We have enough votes to run the country," Robertson threatens

## Tricks & Miracles



Falwell scorns the glossolalia that are the mainstay of Bakker and Swaggart's Pentecostal faith. People who speak in tongues, he says, "ate too much pizza last night"

Roberts possesses a magic right hand through which God's healing power flows. When this hand tingles, Roberts has the ability to cure cancer and make the lame walk, the deaf hear and the blind see. For a while he replaced the Magic Hand with a "word of power" and rejoiced in being freed from the restriction of the hand

In addition to speaking in tongues and practicing faith healing, Robertson commanded a hurricane to spare Virginia. The hurricane obeyed and damaged Long Island instead

## Repented Sin



Denounced clergy involvement in politics during the civil rights movement

None

None. Robertson denies accusations that he used the influence of his father, a senator, to dodge the draft during the Korean War

## Merchandise



If you join Jerry Falwell's Faith Partners, you receive a gold-plated JESUS FIRST pin. For a \$100 contribution to Liberty Baptist College, you get a boxed set of the seven books (in paperback) that most influenced Falwell's life

According to the Roberts religious philosophy of "seed faith," if you can contribute money to the Oral Roberts Evangelistic Association, God will personally see to it that even more money comes your way

For \$100 lifetime prayer requests were microfilmed and put in a hollow pillar in the center of CBN's chapel

## God's Personal Relationship to Him



Quite close

Love-hate. God has used Roberts as a piece of medical equipment and startled him with mammoth apparitions. Last year the Creator turned fickle on Roberts and threatened to kill him if the missionary-training program did not receive \$8 million in donations by April. When the money came in, God became coy and demanded another \$8 million a year until his Second Coming

Intimate. God bestows direct revelations, called words of knowledge, on Robertson

## The Devil



Determined that "Satan will not have a field day" with the controversy

In a fundraising letter: "The Devil has tried everything to stop us. Now he is trying to stop us financially"

Democrats

## Account of the PTL Controversy



Has run PTL since Bakker's resignation and at his request, but calls Swaggart "a great man of God"

Referring obliquely to Swaggart, Roberts says, "Satan has put something in your heart that you're better than anybody else"

"I'm just not involved in this at all"

## Characteristic Structure



Tomb of the Unborn Baby

The 200-foot prayer tower at Oral Roberts University, where he languished between the thumb and index finger of an angry God for a week in March

CBN's headquarters, which is shaped like a 160,000-square-foot cross

## Lowly Origin



Father died a drunk

Traveled from city to city, faith-healing out of the "world's largest gospel tent"

Failed his bar exam and ended up getting a tongues-speaking fellowship to Biblical Theological Seminary in New York



Henry



Kissinger, *socialite-war criminal*

Danny DeVito,



actor

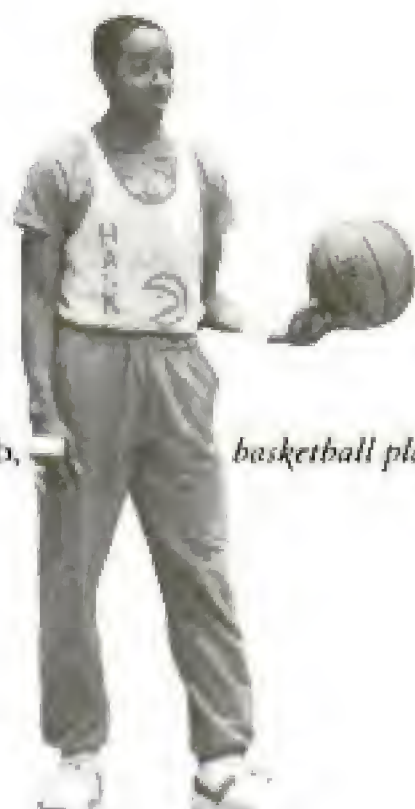
Laurence Tisch, *high-domed dwarf*



billionaire

How the runty and the undersized have conspired to take over the

Spud Webb,



basketball player, *Atlanta Hawks*

Saul Steinberg, *conglomerateur-social climber*



Paul Simon,



singer

business, politics and the media — and why we are power

Ralph Lauren,



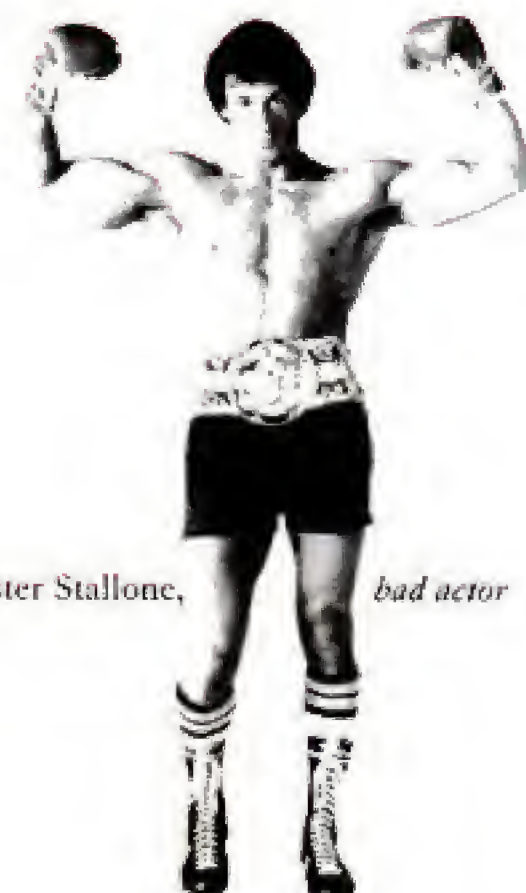
clothes entrepreneur

Henry Kravis,



leveraged-buyout czar

Sylvester Stallone,



bad actor



Prince, vile, rodentlike entertainer



Le  
worlds of entertainment,

Michael J. Fox, actor



ness to stop them

Normal-size man



**THE NEW SHORTNESS,** the newswEEKlies and trendmongers will surely take to calling it. Or Short Chic. The Revolution of the Runts is more like it.

We used to feel something like affection for them. We were happy to take the banquette side of the table at restaurants, grab them a box of Raisin Bran from the top shelf at Gristede's, stand in the back of elevators, slouch at cocktail parties, sit behind them in theaters, help them up Fifth Avenue curbs. We were sympathetic and courteous to the mobs of abnormally little men who scurry around New York. No matter how gnomish and sawed-off they were, no matter how stumpy and squat, we were always courteous. In America, the land of the tall (Thomas Jefferson, Abe Lincoln, Jimmy Stewart, John F. Kennedy, Dr. J), we could afford to be generous toward the Runts.

You see where civility got us. In hardly more than a decade, the short men have scrambled to the top. Suddenly, the squirts are in charge. And the rest of us are getting — yes, it's true — short shrift.



During the past year alone, Michael J. Fox (short) beat Ted Danson (tall) for a coveted Emmy Award; Paul Simon (tiny) won a coveted Grammy over Peter Gabriel (normal); and five-foot-nine-inch Paul Newman — *not* six-foot-three-inch William Hurt — got the coveted Oscar for Best Actor. They never used to let men as small as Joe Morris and Spud Webb into major league sports. Who was forced out as chairman of CBS last year? Lanky Thomas Wyman. Who took over? Dwarf billionaire Laurence Tisch — one of whose spokesmen felt obliged to inform SPY that Tisch is not, technically, *medically*, a dwarf. As if Donald Regan wasn't runty enough, itsy-



bitsy Howard Baker has now become White House chief of staff—in a shake-up following an inquiry led by former Senator John Tower (five feet five inches). And the new hegemony of the undersized extends to both parties. Not so many years ago, Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith (six feet seven inches) was the Democrats' philosopher-king. Today it's Harvard economist Robert Reich (four feet eleven inches)—a man who brings his own stool along to stand on when he gives speeches.

In an era that celebrates the entrepreneurial bullyboy and the cocky individualist, the triumph of the Runts was as inevitable as insider trading and Robin Leach. A certain anxious cartoon swagger comes naturally to Runts, and anxious cartoon swagger (consider the Grenada invasion, and exclusive New York nightclubs) has been the style of the 1980s. The little man is apt to be an aggrieved man, his arms too short to box with anybody, but a Runt cannot blame society for his affliction. He has a chip on his shoulder, but he won't admit it, or doesn't see it. So he takes it out on us.

If he's Tisch, he promises not to fire anybody and then fires hundreds of people—the *figurative* little people. If he's Rambo, he explodes dozens of little (foreign) men. If he's Sylvester Stallone, he dumps the little woman and takes up with a giant (foreign) lady. If he's developer-publisher Mortimer B. Zuckerman, he

## The Runt Roster



### RUNTY FASHION KINGS



**AZZEDINE ALAÏA**, *designer*



**SCAASI (NÉ ARNOLD ISAACS)**, *designer*

### RUNTY PHOTOGRAPHERS

**RICHARD AYEDON**  
**ALFRED EISENSTAEDT**  
**NEIL LEIFER**  
**CARL MYDANS**  
**FRANCESCO SCAVULLO**

### RUNTY POP MUSICIANS

**PHIL COLLINS**  
**PRINCE**  
**PAUL SIMON**  
**ANDY SUMMERS**



**MICHAEL JACKSON**

### RUNTY ENTERTAINERS ON TOP

**WOODY ALLEN**,  
*Renaissance nebbish*



**MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV**,  
*dancer-socialite*



**TOM CRUISE**, *actor*  
**EMILIO ESTEVEZ**, *auteur*  
**MICHAEL J. FOX**, *freckly actor*  
**DON HEWITT**, *bum-kissing*  
*60 Minutes executive producer*  
**DUSTIN HOFFMAN**,  
*difficult actor*  
**BOB HOSKINS**, *intense actor*  
**PAUL SHAFFER**, *Late Night*  
*bandleader*



**MARTIN SCORSESE**, *director*  
**GRIFFIN DUNNE**, *Scorsese-size actor in Scorsese films*  
**HARVEY KEITEL**, *Scorsese-size actor in Scorsese films*  
**WALLACE SHAWN**, *actor and playwright*  
**SYLVESTER STALLONE**,  
*homunculus actor*  
**DANNY DEVITO**, *actor*



## RUNTY CAPITALISTS

**FRED JOSEPH**, *Drexel Burnham Lambert*

**ARTHUR LIPPER III**,  
*Venture magazine*

**E. JOHN ROSENWALD JR.**,  
*Bear Stearns*

**ROGER SMITH**, *General Motors*

**JOHN WEINBERG**,  
*Goldman, Sachs*

## RUNTY REPUBLICAN SENATORS

**HOWARD BAKER**,  
*Tennessee (former)*

**ALFONSE D'AMATO**, *New York*

**RICHARD LUGAR**, *Indiana*

**JOHN TOWER**, *Texas (former)*

## THE GENERICALLY RUNTY

**AGENTS (ESPECIALLY**

**WILLIAM MORRIS)**

**MASS MURDERERS**

**MANAGERS OF HIGH SCHOOL**

**AND COLLEGE ATHLETIC TEAMS**

**ANYBODY NAMED TONY, SONNY  
OR WOODY**

## REPULSIVE RUNTS RIP

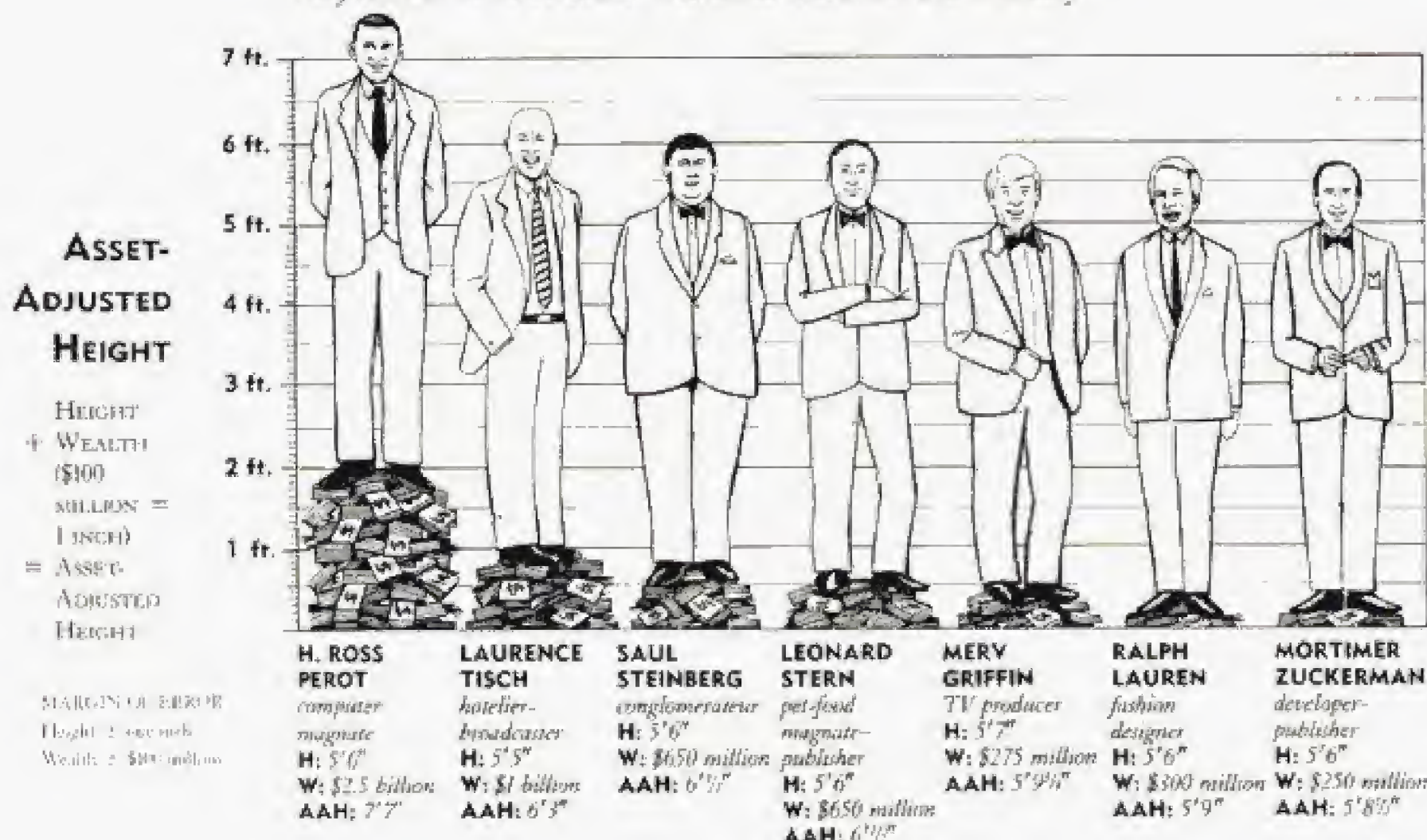
**TRUMAN CAPOTE**, *writer*

**ROY COHN**, *criminal*

**ARISTOTLE ONASSIS**, *Greek*

## BIG BUCKS AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

*They're Not So Short When You Stand Them on Their Money*



## PLACES THAT MAKE RUNTS FEEL TALL

**BATONS:** *hip restaurant, low ceilings*

**THE WEST ROOMS AT THE COOPER-HEWITT:** *Andrew Carnegie had the doorways and mantelpieces specially lowered*

**HELIPADS:** *everyone else has to crouch*

**THE JOCKIES' LOUNGES AT RACETRACKS**

**THE BACK OF OSTENTATIOUS STRETCH LIMOS**

**MULTIPLEX CINEMAS:** *low ceilings, small screens*

**POSTWAR APARTMENTS:** *low ceilings, cramped rooms*

**PRESCHOOLS**

**THE THALIA SOHO CHURCHES:** *everybody is about the same height when they're praying*

**JAPANESE RESTAURANTS:** *especially tatami rooms*

**ON HORSEBACK**

## PLACES RUNTS LIKE BECAUSE THEY MAKE EVERYONE FEEL SHORT

**AT&T BUILDING PLAZA**  
**EQUITABLE BUILDING LOBBY**  
**THINK BIG! STORES**  
**UPPER SIXTH AVENUE**

## RUNT VOGUISHNESS

**FUTONS**  
**NOUVELLE CUISINE**  
**COMPACT DISCS**  
**SONY WATCHMANS**  
**KNEELING BUSES**  
**MINIATURE VEGETABLES**  
**LAPTOP COMPUTERS**  
**THREE-AND-A-HALF-INCH COMPUTER DISKETTES**  
**CORPORATE "DOWNSCALING"**



## TALL MEN WHO BEHAVE LIKE RUNTS

**ED KOCH**, *tiresome, unfunny New York mayor*

**THE NEW YORK KNICKS**

**DONALD TRUMP**, *Queens-born casino operator*

**MUHAMMAD ALI**, *former boxer*

**IVAN BOESKY**, *ferret-eyed snitch*

**TONY SCHWARTZ**,  
*former journalist*

## CATERING TO THE RUNTS

**THE NEW SHORT** may be increasingly powerful, but let's face it, they're still short. And they have some very particular needs that the haute New York service industry is just beginning to address.

Runts used to frequent restaurants such as Rumpelmayer's, hoping to appear taller when compared with the preteen diners around them. But now they want to eat with the big boys at real restaurants.

"There's no difference in the way we treat short customers," says Russian Tea Room dining-room manager Ona DeSousa. "We try to make them feel comfortable, like any other person. I would not hesitate to put a short person in a banquette. If their legs do dangle, they've never complained."

Lutèce, seeking to disprove the rude-French stereotype, tries to accommodate any undersized customer who wants to buy an overpriced meal. "Our banquettes are high," a Lutèce reservations man admits, "but every single day people who are five feet tall eat here, and it's not a problem. We have a little cushion that we use in some cases. We would also supply a phone book if someone insisted."

The new owners of "21" deny that the restaurant's remodeling was a scaling-down to meet the demands of today's shorter power brokers. "There's been no change in height here," insists Judy Woodfin, a spokesperson. "The banquettes are just the way they were—we didn't lower them for shorter patrons. The height of the urinals didn't change, either," she adds, perhaps a little cruelly.

—Nell Scovell



gets the tallest well-known woman he can find who will agree to be his companion (Gloria Steinem) and proposes to build a massive tower looming over Central Park. The Runts are sneaky and ruthless.

They did not win control overnight, of course. Their final offensive began in 1975. In that year, Abe Beame (five feet) was mayor, presiding over the city's slide toward bankruptcy—a disaster averted by smallish Felix Rohatyn. In 1975 American cars got really small in order to compete with the small cars of Japan—the world's preeminent Runt society. During 1975 John Belushi became a TV star, Stallone made *Rocky* and tough little Dick Snyder became president of Simon & Schuster.

The rest, of course, is history. New York apartment ceilings came down to eight feet; then there were little beer bottles; the Walkman fad; the impossibly skimpy new seats on New York subway trains; and now Runt and fashion model attacker Steve Roth tries to get off on the grounds that his shortness has *made him insane*.

New amenities aplenty for the Runts, every conceivable accommodation—but *have they lowered the sneeze guards on salad bars to protect the rest of us?* Not a chance. And who has built an empire of salad bars in New York since 1975? The Koreans. And how big are the Koreans?

We rest our case.

## PEOPLE WHO SOUND LIKE THEY SHOULD BE SHORT

**MANUTE BOL**, basketball player

**DAVID DINKINS**,  
Manhattan borough president

**BABY DOC DUVALIER**,  
deposed Haitian despot

**PEE-WEE HERMAN**, geek-comedian  
**NEWTON MINOW**, former FCC  
commissioner known for one  
utterance

**ROLAND PETIT**, ballet director

**HAROLD PINTER**, British  
playwright

**TINY ROWLAND**, greedy  
British mogul

**RICHARD SPECK**, mass murderer

## PEOPLE WHO SOUND LIKE THEY SHOULD BE SHORT AND ARE

**PHILIPPE PETIT**, aerialist

**BOBBY SHORT**,  
Cole Porter impersonator



**MARTIN SHORT**, actor

## COMING OUT OF THE CLOSET

BACK IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS, Runts were discreet, deferential. The New Short, however, have dispensed with such social mores and can be seen shamelessly flaunting their puniness in public. "Times have changed, and people today are proud regardless of their height," says Tom Timmons, manager of the Adler Shoe Shop on 42nd Street.

If Mr. Timmons sounds a bit bitter, it's because he has suffered from the recent Runt uprising. Adler is the exclusive dealer of Elevator shoes in New York, and sales are way down. "The popularity of Elevator shoes is just not the same as it used to be," Timmons says. "Sales have been declining steadily over the past two years."

And what happened two years ago? Five-foot-four-inch Michael J. Fox starred in the hugely successful summer movie *Back to the Future*. These corresponding events could, of course, be purely coincidental, but as famous five-foot-eight psychiatrist Sigmund Freud said, there are no accidents.

It also follows that just two short years ago, five-foot-six Ralph Lauren was putting the finishing touches on his awesome Madison Avenue store. But don't be fooled by the store's exterior—it may look big from the sidewalk, luring normal-size people in to shop, but inside the emphasis is on *small*. "A lot of people are complaining that the sweaters are too short," admitted a Polo salesman. "Come to think of it," he added, "the outdoor jackets run pretty small, too." Lauren is clearly designing in his own image, perhaps wreaking subtle revenge on the big bullies who teased him in grade school. ("See this beautiful cashmere sweater? Here—try it on... Yes, the sleeves do seem a bit short. Isn't that a shame?")

Although some Runt investment bankers may soon find themselves wearing stripes for two to ten years, most other short professionals are forsaking such once-popular sartorial illusions. These days, the Runts want to dress like everyone else—although not everyone else wants them to. "We have a very poor selection in short sizes," says a Brooks Brothers salesman, without a trace of apology. "They don't make that many short suits originally, and once they're sold, they're hard to replace."

—N.S.



**THE FIRST WAVE: 1965-75**  
(RUNTS WHO USED  
TO BE BIG)

**ROBERT BLAKE**, actor  
**SONNY BONO**, singer-  
*restaurateur-politician*  
**DICK CAYETT**, talk show host  
*and former celebrity*  
**ROBERT CONRAD**, actor  
**DAVID CROSBY**, singer  
**JOEL GREY**, actor  
**VAN MORRISON**, singer  
**AL PACINO**, actor  
**ROMAN POLANSKI**, director  
**MASON REESE**, actor—*Crazy*  
*Eddie salesman*  
**NELSON ROCKEFELLER**,  
*vice president*  
**HERVE VILLECHAIZE**, actor  
**PAUL WILLIAMS**, singer-  
*songwriter*  
**HENRY WINKLER**, actor

**CONDÉ NAST RUNTS**

**BOB COLACELLO**,  
*Vanity Fair gossipist*  
**HARRY EVANS**, editor in chief,  
*the Traveler (due out this fall)*  
**HOWARD KAMINSKY**,  
*Random House vice president*  
**LEO LERMAN**, *éminence grise*  
**SONNY MEHTA**,  
*Alfred A. Knopf president*  
**S. I. NEWHOUSE**,  
*Condé Nast proprietor*  
**WILLIAM SHAWN**,  
*deposed New Yorker editor*

**EVEN RUNTIER BY CONTRAST**

**WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR./PAT BUCKLEY**  
**HENRY KRAVIS/CAROLYNE ROEHM**  
**PAUL SIMON/ART GARFUNKEL**  
**BILLY JOEL/CHRISTIE BRINKLEY**  
**DUDLEY MOORE/PETER COOK**  
**NORMAN MAILER/NORRIS CHURCH**  
**HENRY GRUNWALD/LOUISE MELHADO**  
**JOEY ADAMS/CINDY ADAMS**  
**CHRISTOPHER DURANG/SIGOURNEY WEAVER**  
**PAUL SHAFFER/DAVID LETTERMAN**



**SYLVESTER STALLONE/BRIGITTE NIELSEN**



**HOWARD BAKER/RONALD REAGAN**



**ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR./  
ALEXANDRA SCHLESINGER**



**SAUL STEINBERG/  
GAYFRYD STEINBERG**

**HENRY KISSINGER/NANCY KISSINGER**







## HAMMY OLD THINGS

by Michèle Bennett

REVIEW  
OF  
REVIEWERS

HELLO, EVERYONE!

I regret to announce that David "Wangdoodle" Edelstein, film critic of *The Village Voice*, has finally flipped his lid.

Though I have been critical of Wangdoodle in the past, this news gives me no pleasure. I don't even know the boy. I am, nevertheless, concerned. We all are.

It was the New Directors/New Films festival that tipped him over the edge. Assigned the dogsbody task of viewing 20 feature films, 2 featurettes and 4 shorts from 16 countries, overworked Edelstein was left literally barking. "Arf! arf!" he wrote. "There are both narrative and non-narrative *woof! woof! woof!*" But, he continued disapprovingly, "*individually, they're proba-*

*bly not so bad. Collectively, grrrrrrrrr...*" I know this is difficult to believe, but have a heart. You didn't have to see the movies. And not every cute gimmick Edelstein digs up can work as well as "*Gentlemen, more barforama*"—the final words of one of his reviews last year. Continuing like an upscale Katie Kelly, he went on to hand out what he called his "doggy bone" awards—two and a half doggy bones (out of a possible five) to a Canadian film, *Loyalties*, and the top doggy bone award to a Swedish film called *My Life As a Dog*. Get well soon, Edelstein.

Speaking of awards, Charles Champlin of the *Los Angeles Times* gets no doggy bones whatsoever for his fawning review, called "Moments That Match The Night," of the Academy Awards telecast. "The unifying presence of Bernadette Peters and that fitting ballad ('What You Need Is an Original Song'...) was an inspired invention.... The visual trickery of Tom Hanks and Bugs Bunny as joint presenters was another delicious invention...." It took David Gritten, gritty TV critic of the rival *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, to tell it like it was: "After the worst opening to an Oscar telecast in living memory"—the opening



number mimed by three overly cheerful bald or balding second-raters, Telly Savalas, Pat Morita and Dom DeLuise—"where could things go from here?"

"Indeed," continued the fearless Gritten, "this was a dull Oscar telecast, with few highlights, fewer surprises and almost no genuine emotional moments. Sets crashed offstage, music interrupted acceptance speeches, giddy chaos seemed always imminent.... Three model/dancers displayed variations on clothes worn in movies like 'A Room With A View,' 'The Mission' and 'Pirates.' A common thread quickly established itself; at least one model for each movie appeared to be dressed up like a hooker.... Things got worse. Tom Hanks looked visibly pained at having to share the stage with an animated Bugs Bunny.... [Hearing-impaired Marlee Matlin] had presented the Oscar for *sound*, which may well have been someone's idea of touching.... And then it was over—three whole hours after it went off the boil."

"What Makes Life Worth Writing?" asked *The New York Times's* Denis Donoghue in About Books, and I wish he knew. "I still feel that the best way to read a poem," he droned, "is to learn whatever may be learned and then, 'on the night,' let it sink into some recess of the mind. That way, it may be possible to read the poem as if with the spontaneity of a first reading. Biographies might be read, but only on the promise that each might be largely forgotten." Put it this way: *woof! woof!* Or this way: if Mr. Donoghue wants to read a poem "as if with the spontaneity of a first reading," he should do just that and stop giving us dumb advice.

The *Times's* opera critic, Donal Henahan, was in better form reviewing Zeffirelli's *Turandot* (as opposed to Puccini's): "Mr. Zeffirelli has gone from excess to excess. ... In fact, Mr. Zeffirelli's is one of the great excess stories of our time.... As a result, this version of Puccini's last, unfinished opera has the emotional impact of a night at the Ice Capades." To which the Ice Capades specialist himself, Maestro Zeffirelli, felt compelled "by an outpouring of unanimous support for me and my colleagues" to write an outraged letter to the *Times*. "The fact that performances of my productions invariably are sold out far in advance," wrote the modest maestro, "and receive extended ovations surely indicates that there is something, however slight, that is positive about them." The Zoroastrian

Zeffirelli continued boldly: "Long ago I stopped taking what most critics said seriously"—which is why he's writing the letter—"for in general they are a destructive lot who can gain attention only by producing outrageously condescending affronts to the dignity of dedicated artists." Such as Maestro Franco Zeffirelli.

Woody Allen, the nebbish recluse, was recently hiding on the covers of both *Rolling Stone* and *Esquire*. On the *Rolling Stone* cover he looks miserable in plaid; on the *Esquire* cover he looks cheerful in plaid. "Woody Allen is one of the most well adjusted people I've met in New York," wrote William E. Geist in *Rolling Stone*; "Woody Allen peers out from a half-opened door," wrote Tom Shales in *Esquire*, "and damned if he doesn't look cute. Somber, but cute.... He merits protection, like a threatened rare loon." This just goes to show that (a) appearances in plaid are deceptive; (b) different critics see things differently; and (c) Tom Shales, TV critic for *The Washington Post*, is an idiot.

"A big plump couch at the back of the screening room is where the Woodman twineth," Shales informs us poetically. "He wraps himself in cushions and hugs an overstuffed pillow to his understuffed body, the way a kid might build a little play fortress. He is safe here. But is he too safe? Or is he just safe enough? These are the questions we have come to ask." We *have*? But Shales gets tough. "Now fess up, Woody," he says, in what he imagines is a winsome, Bill Murrayish voice. "Come clean, ya little runt! Why I'll shake you and shake you, and I'll shake the answers out if I have to! Jeez, I outweigh the guy by about one hundred pounds. I could really mop up the room with him."

*Les Misérables*, we are led to believe, is the greatest thing to happen to America since, well, jeez, since the prose style of Tom Shales. In fact, in London, *Les Miz* (or "The Glums," as it's popularly known there) was panned by most of the critics. Virtually alone among the American reviewers, *Newsweek's* Jack Kroll troubled to point that out. "When it opened in London there was some praise, but many critics damned the show with phrases like 'synthetic epic,' 'a witless and synthetic entertainment,' 'disgracefully bad.' But the public loved 'Les Misérables' and flocked to it." But did Jack Kroll love *Les Misérables* as much as the public did? Yes; he was writing a newsweekly cover story: he had to love it.

"This amazing theatrical phenomenon... [is] going to become the biggest hit in theater history." Yet at the same time he refers to the "repetitive tum-ti-tum recitatives" of the score, "individual weaknesses" in the cast and the "unabashed corniness."

Of the leading New York critics, only the *Times's* Frank "Butcher of Broadway" Rich gave the hyped musical a total rave. The Butcher quickly made up for his uncharacteristic lapse by describing that other British musical import, *Starlight Express*, as "the perfect gift for the kid who has everything except parents." But look at some of the other reviews of "The Glums."

"'Les Misérables,' the hit of Paris and London, is a Monarch Notes version of the Victor Hugo novel.... Most of Claude-Michel Schönberg's music is drivel—sing-song, repetitious, emotionally dead" (Howard Kissel, *New York Daily News*).

"'Les Mis' only sporadically lights up the theater with passion.... [The] music sounds less than wonderful, and so do Herbert Kretzmer's journeyman-English lyrics. ... The show encompasses too much" (Allan Wallach, *New York Newsday*).

"Three or four more or less decent tunes... repeated *ad nauseam*... superbly served, instantly disposable trash" (Clive Barnes, *New York Post*, who nevertheless managed to write, for the marquee, that the show is "simply smashing" and "the stuff of theatrical legend").

"The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings.... But even these... are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs" (Edith Oliver, *The New Yorker*).

"The only puzzle involved is what, other than money, could possibly make the world view the hammy old thing as such a major event, when it's just a sentimental-prole version of the 1930's spectacle operettas, *White Horse Inn* redecorated in gray.... Answer: Its posture of proud poverty gladdens the heart of the wealthy, and makes the liberal mistake it for serious art" (Michael Feingold, *The Village Voice*).

"There is no way," wrote a despairing John "Cruel to Be Kind" Simon in *New York* magazine, "a critic can affect a popular hit of two continents with an \$11-million advance sale in New York alone." Which turned out to be as true for *Les Misérables* as it was for Zeffirelli's *Turandot*. It isn't always a reason to rejoice, but there are times when reviewers are as powerless as Marvelous Marvin Hagler swinging at the air. ☹



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# GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

by Luc Sante

CRIME

IN THE OLD DAYS, when crime was aberrant as well as low-tech, spontaneity was the order of the day. Now that it has become fully integrated into the fabric of society, it must compete for attention with all sorts of trivia. Criminal activity, therefore, has had to bring itself up to date, utilizing the latest in publicity techniques to gain maximum exposure. Criminals can no longer afford to let their misdeeds occur helter-skelter, all over the calendar. While hardy standards like gas station stickups and ordinary purse-cuttings can flourish year-round, the more specialized wrongdoings require careful scheduling.

There have always been particular seasonal tendencies in crime. Some of these are obvious—running amok is best performed in hot months; the protective chill of winter, on the other hand, makes it the perfect time for trunk murders. The media also have their vagaries, for example, the "silly season" of late summer—when official newsmakers are on vacation—which accommodates parakeet mutilations and the like. Recently, however, criminal planners have become aware of savvy techniques such as pack scheduling. This phenomenon is well known to devotees of the *New York Post*, who can be sure when they read of some unfortunate pushed onto the subway tracks that within the month dozens more will follow him onto the third rail and the third page. Every tot abducted from a school-bus stop is merely a harbinger of a wave of tot-nappings. The lone subway pushee or missing tyke is easily forgotten. Tabloid impact derives from repetition.

A thorough statistical survey of recent seasonal criminal behavior and its subsequent public recognition would reveal much, but as our actuaries toil away in the background it would be appropriate to ponder: just *who is responsible* for planning the busy criminal calendar? Are there New York PR firms even now juggling pie

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charts and bar graphs in anticipation of a forthcoming blitz of botulism threats in TriBeCa restaurants? And when one considers the synchronicity of recent high-profile femme fatale capers, one is bound to marvel at the efficacy of the hydra-headed PR underworld, and at the size of its Rolodex.

With the sudden notoriety of Fawn Hall as a sort of soft-core preamble, two stories broke almost simultaneously at the end of March: Marines guarding the U.S. embassy in Moscow, seduced by beautiful KGB temptresses, had gone from goggle-eyed to conveniently blind as their premises were scoured by Red snoops. Meanwhile, affable television holy roller Jim Bakker had been undone, in an apparent power struggle over his evangelical empire, as a result of a 1980 tryst with a New York secretary. The for-



mer case has led to panic, diplomatic chaos and arrests for espionage, possibly leading to execution; the latter, merely to shame, public tears, alibis and executive reshuffling. Nevertheless, both fit the classic mold of that pulp staple, the fatal-woman theme.

This plot has been overworked since the year 2. Highly placed vamps from Mata Hari to Christine Keeler have provided reams of titillating copy quickly converted into cinematic properties. Sometime in the 1960s, though, the supply of kiss-and-tell adulteries began to fall off, presumably as a result of the now-forgotten sexual revolution. There remained only the odd bit of slapstick: Fanne Foxe and Wilbur Mills, Vicki Morgan and Alfred Bloomingdale. Audiences were ready, panting for a genuine red-blooded bedroom scandal, preferably one involving national security and skillions in jack. Clever criminal programmers were at work on the problem and, rather than squandering all their in-

spirations on one headline, opted to create two separate miniseries, which, rather than competing, would complement each other. Or so one may surmise. There are no coincidences.

The Moscow drama has hewed to the venerable corruption-of-servants theme. So far, three Marines—Clayton Lonetree, Arnold Bracy and Robert Stufflebeam—have been collared, and two temptresses named: the willowy blond receptionist Violetta Seina (voted Belle of the 1985 Marine Ball) and a more mysterious figure, a cook known only as Galina. Stateside audiences were held to their seats as, day by day, new details emerged. No precise account has yet been given of the route from pillow to microfilm, but rumors are flying. There are the stories of orgies within the hallowed mission itself, of illicit rendezvous in exotic communist locations, of unchecked hormonal activity exploding along the whole consular trail from the Danube to the Volga. And the tale is thick with aphrodisiac cloak-and-dagger hardware. It seems that among the items defiled by the godless Bolsheviks was the mythic Cone of Silence, familiarly known as the Bubble. And behind the scenes lurk the most erotic figures of all, the puppeteers who bait what the *Post* called honey traps. You can almost hear their hollow laughter, glimpse their colorless irises.

The other series is lighter in tone and features a staggering number of genre clichés. There is the Florida hotel scene, the sobbing wife dripping with mascara, the adulterer insisting his bedmate was of age, the bedmate insisting she was coerced, the repentance, the hedging, the simoleons. Underneath the baroque trappings is a nebulous hostile-takeover scheme, which itself represents a single skirmish in a brewing corporate jihad of major proportions. (The great events of history always begin with little things, though—a glass of wine, a putative Quaalude.) The secretary, Jessica Hahn, afterward said she felt like a “piece of hamburger somebody threw out into the street,” which is slightly awry as a simile but accurate enough for a woman who could well have nailed the rubicund Bakker with spectacular blackmail if she had only thought of it.

She didn’t, however, leaving sacerdotal extortion to Oral Roberts’s tormentor, the wily mastermind who goes by the moniker God. This particular hard case squeezed Roberts for a cool \$4.5 million, but this was

not his first strike. On an earlier occasion, when he put Roberts through the wringer to fund an unnecessary medical center, the evangelist described the miscreant as being 900 feet tall. This figure, currently at large, appears formidable, a celestial rascal with vast resources at his command. He might be, in fact, the one behind this whole synchronicity swindle. ☺

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

by Bruce Handy



*It's back: the column where you, the reader, are treated to the considered critical opinions of us, the magazine, about them—movies that are not only*

*unreleased but actually still in production.*

*Why review movies that aren't even finished? Given that most movies today are functions primarily of elaborate deals—the just-so packaging of star, director and concept (preferably high)—SPY's reviews of movies-in-production represent modern filmmaking at its purest. To scan Variety for "start notices" is to contemplate a film's elements free from the distractions of deft editing, clever camera work or unforeseen decent performances by actors of meager talent. We say: why qualify an opinion or hedge a preconception? Now, thanks to SPY, you can stride into any gathering and declaim with force and confidence, "The new Judd Nelson project—I hear it stinks."*

TELL US HONESTLY: WOULD YOU pay \$6 to see a movie entitled *Shy People*, especially if you knew it was directed by snoozemeister Andrei (*Duet for One*) Konchalovsky and starred the 1970s' favorite spunky drip, Jill Clayburgh? And what if we told you it costarred cute-as-a-button, earnest-as-a-doorjamb Barbara Hershey? Our candidate for sleeper of the year, this is one of the final respectability salvos fired by the sinking ship of Cannon Films. Jill plays a New York journalist who, in this clash o' cultures, “learns about life” (as the film’s publicist puts it) from having to report a story about Barbara’s illiterate backwater Louisiana. Imagine pretty bayou scenery



and a wet blanket learning about life—*slowly*—from a piece of soggy cardboard, and then spend your \$6 on cough syrup for the same effect.

But if you can't bore 'em to death, goes the old Hollywood adage, hire a blowhard like Norman Mailer to direct his own screenplay based on his own inferior novel. At least that's what Cannon's Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus seem to have thought, and thus they begot *Norman Mailer's "Tough Guys Don't Dance,"* which allows Mailer to join the ranks of such eponymous directors as Blake (*Blake Edwards' A Fine Mess*) Edwards and Savage Steve (*Savage Steve Holland's One Crazy Summer*) Holland. Stand back, boys, this one's a real jerkfest: Ryan O'Neal, wooden as ever, stars as the hard-drinking dick who gets involved in a case featuring, as the publicity gloats, "not one, but two severed heads." Leading lady Isabella Rossellini deserves better.

Just in time for the Hart administration, MGM/UA brings us the leadenly demographic *Baby Boom*, which we suspect was based on a *Newsweek* cover and which promises to provide the same brand of glossy obviousness. Diane Keaton plays a hard-charging management consultant who, right before the biggest meeting of the year—*uh-oh!*—inherits the darlingest baby girl—*ahhhhhhhh!* Sadly, Diane can't carry a movie without expert help. And she doesn't get it from her love interest, pediatrician Sam Shepard—who, having no idea what to do with this treacly material, is off in a craggy, strong-jawed world of his own. Costar Harold Ramis tags along, as is his wont. We wish a spectacular hack like Sydney (*The Way We Were*) Pollack had directed so we could work up a full head of gleeful distaste, but, alas, it's only unspectacular hack Charles (*Private Benjamin*) Shyer.

And anyway, why bother? Why not just remake *Three Men and a Cradle* for American audiences? We'll call it *Three Men and a Baby* so it doesn't sound so...*Frenchy*, and we'll get—oh, come on, shoot for the stars—Tom Selleck, Ted Danson and Steve Guttenberg to play the smarmy bachelors. It's a comedy, so we need a comedy director—hey, that last *Star Trek* was funny. Get me Leonard Nimoy! You've never seen so much heterosexual male preening in one place in your life. Michael Eisner and Touchstone should be ashamed. Selleck and Danson will demonstrate their enduring small-screen appeal (this film has record-breaking VCR rentals written all over it), as

will Guttenberg, whose relegation to sitcomdom is as inevitable as it is long overdue.

This Christmas, hardy self-loathers will have the chance to see Sally Field trying her hand at stand-up comedy for Columbia's *Punchline*. *Of course*, she reveals the heart-warming, kinda kooky side of nightclub comedy you always suspected was there. *Of course*, Tom Hanks is at his Hanksiest as the medical student who aspires to be another David Brenner. Who will win the climactic big-break network-TV comedy contest? *Of course*, all concerned learn that "going for it" is what *really* counts.

Like 1950s rock 'n' roll bands that still perform but include only one of the original members, the new *Jaws* sequel—*Jaws: The Revenge*, to be released later this summer—is reduced to touting Lorraine Gary as its connection to the original movie. In *Jaws* she



played Roy Scheider's wife, you are unlikely to recall, but her real-life husband is the salient character here: Gary is Mrs. Sidney Scheinberg, and Scheinberg runs Universal, and Universal, of course, distributes the *Jaws* movies. On the other hand, it is almost always pleasant to watch Michael Caine act, and as the shark-obsessive (the shark loses), he is all vulnerable manly charm.

Here's one we like, particularly for its title: *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*, another romp among London's Pakistani immigrants directed by Stephen Frears and written by Hanif Kureishi, the duo responsible for *My Beautiful Laundrette*. And *Sammy and Rosie* is indeed a brave, merry little film, gritty and pretty but avoiding condescension and sentimentalism. We want to know: (1) will Cinecom actually release the film with this title? If so, (2) will costar Claire Bloom show enough tit to satisfy the *Losin' It* crowd? And (3) will the *Times* print the *I* word? ☺

# PEE-WEE'S COURTHOUSE

by Tad Friend



THE WAGES OF CELEBRITY are sins. For some, it's orgiastic drugfests; for some, discredited religions; and for some, just a downward spiral

of alienation and broken friendships. For coy geek Pee-wee Herman (né Paul Rubinfeld, later known as Paul Reubens), the wages of celebrity are lawsuits—lots of them. *And* alienation. *And* broken friendships. (So far, no reports have linked Pee-wee with the Betty Ford Center or with undue chanting.)

If the idlike Pee-wee were released from his kooky celluloid prison and let loose upon the world, he could hardly stir up more confusion and distrust than that already engendered by his creator, Paul Reubens. For beneath the carefree, romping surface of his Saturday-morning CBS TV show, *Pee-wee's Playhouse*, lies a rat's maze of Hollywood-style grown-ups jostling for position, money and more money. To wit:

(1) Reubens and his former manager, Richard Abramson, have been sued by Broadcast Arts Productions Inc., the producers of *Pee-wee's Playhouse*. The suit claims that Pee-wee Pictures broke its contract with the production company by failing to merchandise the "Playhouse" characters (which include a chair called Chairry, a pterodactyl named Pterri and a wildly effeminate genie-in-a-box named Jambi), by forcing Broadcast Arts to incur cost overruns of more than \$735,000 (which one report attributes to delays caused by Reubens's ulcers) and by doing various other horrible things. The suit concludes that \$13 million would be just recompense. Peter Rosenthal, president of Broadcast Arts, says, "Since the dispute hasn't been resolved, we couldn't care less about working with Pee-wee again."

(2) Reubens and Abramson have also been sued by Robert Shapiro, one of the producers of the 1985 Warner Bros. film *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*, which grossed over \$40 million. Shapiro's suit alleges that his contract to produce seven Pee-wee movies has not been honored: he has not been included





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*Gael Green, New York Magazine—March 9, 1987*

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in preparations for Pee-wee's next picture for Paramount, tentatively titled *Pee-wee Herman at the Circus* and scheduled for release next summer. (Reubens has also severed ties with one of the other producers of *Big Adventure*, Bill McEuen, and one of his screenwriters, Michael Varhol.)


(3) Now, this is where it gets tricky: Reubens and Abramson, whose professional relationship of several years was never cozy, had a dramatic falling-out last year. Reubens has taken his former manager before the California Labor Board, claiming that Abramson's management contract is too generous. One person familiar with the situation says, "It was like the classic marriage: two people who hated each other, backstabbed each other, flaunted each other's weaknesses, but stayed together because they were using one another."

Reubens's Los Angeles lawyer, Gregg Homer, who has been acting as his manager, says that Paul would like to publicly address these difficulties but has been muzzled by the team of litigators defending him. Through Homer, Reubens does say what goes without saying—that his problems wouldn't be newsworthy if there weren't so much money involved or if he were less famous. Homer adds, "If somebody really breaks [into prominence]...then the situation changes, feelings change, and contracts don't work anymore. You had it with Jefferson Starship [né Airplane], Richard Pryor, Eddie Murphy—and now Pee-wee."

Homer also intimates that Abramson, who was a coproducer of both *Big Adventure* and *Playhouse*, is the real villain. Abramson is known for being difficult—one acquaintance says his style of business is "doing a lot of screaming and wall kicking"—but he surely did not act by fiat. Abramson could not be reached for comment; it seems that he has dropped from sight. The acquaintance also says that Abramson "doesn't like to leave a trail.... The last time someone tried to find him, they had to hire a private detective."

While his lawyers duck and cover, Reubens is trying to restructure his empire. Preternaturally energetic New York public relations man Bobby Zarem is no longer on retainer, and Reubens is looking for a PR person on the West Coast. (Zarem says, "We'll still be doing stuff for Paul," but when informed of all the lawsuits he replied, "No shit? I don't know anything about any of them.")

Reubens is also looking for a new man-

ager to deal with the upcoming movie and with *Pee-wee's Playhouse*, which Homer says has been picked up by CBS for another season, though Reubens is still choosing a production company to replace Broadcast Arts. (CBS, perhaps wisely, declines comment on this issue and all other Pee-wee-related issues.) Anyone who wants to apply for the manager's job should write to Gregg Homer; Ziffren, Brittenham & Branca; 2049 Century Park East, Suite 2350; Los Angeles, California 90067. There shouldn't be much competition; with Pee-wee, it always seems to end badly. As one former friend of his says, "If he went up to accept an award for his comedy, there isn't a single person he's worked with on those shows that he could thank." 

## PIP-SQUEAK CUISINE

by Moira Hodgson



VETERAN CHEF Sara Crescas, her foot-high *toque blanche* slightly askew, rolled out the pastry carefully. But instead of placing it in the waiting quiche pan, she gathered it into a graying ball, which she banged out flat with her fist. After she crimped the edges, she took a fistful of dried red beans and used them to make eyes, a nose and mouth. Then she held it up. "That's my mom," she said.

Sara, age eleven, was one of five children enrolled in Cooking for Kids, a series of Saturday-morning classes in the kitchens of the Hotel Inter-Continental. The classes on haute cuisine, which cost \$90 for a series of six or \$20 each, are taught by executive chef Alexander Feher and his sous chef, Richard Mancino, to children between 7 and 14. (The next series begins July 25.) The children learn how to make such childhood favorites as veal with Madeira in puff pastry, fresh fettuccine with chanterelles and strawberries Romanoff.

Chef Mancino was in charge one recent Saturday morning for the last class of the series. The little chefs, dressed in aprons and chef's hats with their names emblazoned across them, consulted the recipes of the day. The menu was quite simple:

quiche Lorraine, to be followed with a gratin of fresh fruits served in a custard laced with orange liqueur. Perhaps too simple—some of the chefs were already a bit jaded by the ingredients. "Oh, Richard, not *kiwis* again!" groaned chef Marissa Schumann, age eight.

"I got a stomachache from the salmon last week," said chef Lisa Richards, who is eleven. "I hope this is going to be better. I love broccoli quiche. I like spinach quiche. I like all quiche."

But she did not like pancetta. "You think I'm going to eat that? Never, ever! I'm not eating it!" she screamed.

Suddenly Chef Mancino seemed to have developed a waiter's deafness.

The pancetta had to be sliced and blanched. Each child was given a carving knife as long as her arm and proceeded to cut up the bacon, tiny fingers bunched up under the blade like chipolata sausages. Chef Justine McGuire, who is nine, cut swiftly, as if she had been doing it all her life. Chef Mancino looked down approvingly.

Then, quite unexpectedly, Chef Justine squeezed all the pieces through her fingers as though she were playing with Play-Doh.

"Ugh! Disgusting! We have to eat that!" shouted Chef Marissa, who had refused even to touch the pancetta, let alone slice it.

The pancetta was put on the stove to simmer, and the chefs turned to pastry making—a prospect they greeted with the enthusiasm of military officers preparing for battle. Two enormous stainless-steel bowls were produced, and the chefs set about the task of working the butter (which was "squishy") into the flour with their hands, dousing it with water (which made it "mushy") and pummeling the mixture into a dough.

"Squeeze it! Make oranges out of it!" cried nine-year-old chef Lauren Reichbach.

"How can you make oranges out of flour and butter?" asked Chef Marissa, who had again refused to touch the dough. A good question. They tried anyway.

After they had savagely attacked the pastry dough with rolling pins, Chef Mancino managed to rescue just enough for the quiche. But his assistants kept back little balls of dough, which they rolled around in their fists and stuck their fingers into. In the heat of battle, their hats had sunk down over their eyes, and the chefs were covered in flour, even on the seat of their pants.

Chef Justine, brandishing a whisk as big



as her head, began a major skirmish with the eggs. First they had to be smashed against the side of the bowl. Then, before the whites were separated from the yolks, the bits of shell had to be removed. This was a tricky business.

Chef Mancino remained unflappable. With a certain amount of relief, he put the quiche in the oven and announced a break, during which nearly a gallon of orange juice was consumed.

"Okay, back to work." Chef Mancino placed a bin of salad greens on the table.

"Ah! Arugula," said Chef Lisa.

"How are we going to make the salad?" asked Chef Mancino. "Are we going just to throw it on the plate? Or are we going to make a nice presentation? I'll make one, you do the rest."

There was a high-pitched chorus: "Do mine! Do mine!"

Finally, all the chefs took their seats at a table laid with a white cloth, linen napkins, wineglasses and silver pitchers of Russian and vinaigrette salad dressing. But the quiche wasn't ready, and the chefs rolled around on their chairs with mounting impatience, conversing in a limited, persistent way about the fact that they were starving.

When Chef Mancino cut the quiche, there was silence for the first time that morning.

It didn't last long. "Which is the biggest piece?" "I want it!" "No, I want it..."

Over lunch, everyone discussed the menus they had worked on over the past six weeks. The loin of veal and cepes with Madeira in puff pastry was the most popular main course, but the all-time favorite was strawberries Romanoff, in which the fruit was marinated in orange juice and orange liqueur and folded into whipped cream. Chef Marissa had reservations about a fruit terrine they had made, which had contained champagne. "I was drunk that night. Well, almost drunk."

With the dessert, the chefs were handed certificates of distinguished achievement, signed by Executive Chef Feher and the students' personal mentor, Chef Mancino.

Chef Mancino says that many of the graduates are "spoiled little rich kids whose parents just want them out of the house for a few hours." The few, the truly dedicated, however, have been known to express their appreciation with a gift of dish towels and kitchen mitts. Mancino can tell within a week if a student is a prospective chef. "The ones who aren't interested," he says, "tend to nick themselves a lot." ③

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# GONE

## SOCIALIZIN'

by Taki

10021

COME JUNE, THE chic troughs of the Upper East Side begin to resemble Mount Athos, and never more so than on weekends. Everyone who imagines himself *anyone* heads for the Hamptons, Newport, the Cape or Connecticut; being seen at Le Cirque or at Mortimer's on a summer Saturday night is a sure symptom of social leprosy. Even the face that's lunched a thousand shifts—that of my old friend Jerry Zipkin—vanishes to ocean-view parts unknown. As good Dr. Johnson might have said, "When a New Yorker is tired of the Long Island Expressway, he is tired of life." Personally, in June my fancy turns to England. There is Ascot Week, the Wimbledon fortnight and the Henley Royal Regatta for the sportingly inclined, and balls galore for snobs who dislike watching horses or people sweat. This particular June promises to be more authentically festive than usual. I don't know why, really; perhaps it's the blissful absence of a royal wedding this summer.

The two great events during Ascot Week are Sir James Goldsmith's ball on the eleventh for 480 of his closest and dearest (of which the children he has fathered make up a good portion) at Cliveden and, two days later, the ball following the marriage of the marquess of Worcester, son of the duke of Beaufort, to Miss Tracy Ward, sister of that pulchritudinous pudding gone Australian via Hollywood, Rachel Ward. As good Dr. Johnson would never have said, "When a social climber has been invited to neither party, he should tire of life."

Cliveden is a fitting venue for an evening of social sport. It was the great house where Nancy Astor once held court, and where John Profumo, the British minister of war, once frolicked with call girl Christine Keeler, unaware that she was two-timing him with a Soviet naval attaché. (The ensuing scandal brought down the government

of Harold Macmillan in 1963 and sent poor Profumo to London's East End as a charity worker.) Fittingly, Profumo and his wife, the actress Valerie Hobson, are among Goldsmith's 480.

The Worcester wedding and dance will take place in deep Oxfordshire, and the royal family is expected to attend. What makes this and the Goldsmith affairs oddly promising: money—that is, the willingness to write a check to charity to gain entry—carries no weight. To New York arbs, inside traders and charity ball stalwarts, a word of advice: the root of all evil will get you nowhere here. *WWD* might find this hard to swallow, but such are the cruelties of the English upper crust.

But I digress. Back in good old 10021, the talk is mostly about the prices of Hampton summer rentals' having gone through the split-shingle roof. The reasons are obvious: Wall Street continues to boom, investment bankers in their thirties have banked their seven-figure bonuses, and the continental rich (and now even the Japanese) continue to seek fulfillment in New York.

So it is not surprising that a three-bedroom Water Mill saltbox that belongs to a friend of mine fetched \$40,000 for three months, and that a six-bedroom Colonial in Southampton went for \$75,000. Large estate houses start at \$100,000. Just for the month of July. And they are hard to find. As the good Dr. Johnson would have said, "When a man has a house to rent in the Hamptons, he can never tire of life."

Speaking of money—something my grandfather told me never to do—and the Japanese: what about the \$36 million or so (\$39.9 million less the auction house commission) that my old friend Charlotte Fraser came into when Christie's sold off her tired old Van Gogh to a Japanese insurance company? Charlotte is the daughter of the earl of Warwick, a very good-looking man who lives here among us commoners on Fifth Avenue. Alas, most of the lolly will go to Her Majesty's government, as greedy an institution as that ruled by Mario Cuomo, but that is another story.

The big story whispered by everyone at Mortimer's these days is that of Basia Johnson, the Polish servant turned multimillionaire by an accident of marriage. It seems that Basia had the good fortune to run into two gentlemen eager to help her improve her collection of antique furniture. They are Pennsylvania-born Harry Bailey and his friend Adrian Ward-Jackson, an



A.M./P.M. DRESSING All it takes is a few squirts of styling mousse and a dash of glitter to transform an ordinary daytime look—above, journalist Anthony Haden-Guest with his trio of blonds, left to right, Mori Brill; her sister, Dianne Brill (newly skinny, thanks to the SPY diet); and Hedy Kleinman—into a fabulous evening look (bottom). Below: Haden-Guest mid-make-over.

# Party







**PARTY ANIMALS** The thing is, it makes party conversation much easier. At the Waldorf, Cristina Ford thrills to the feel of a bull's long horn (*top left*), and mummified boulevardier Oleg Cassini fondles a teeny-weensy horse (*below*); (*left*) Cornelia Guest (two chins) compares profiles with a camel (two humps).



**BAD EYE TUCKS** *Left:* Career-dead Halston (with longtime hanger-on and stylist Pat Ast) in a somber, reflective moment at Andy Warhol's funeral lunch. *Below, left:* Nancy Reagan, playing to the camera like the pro she is, at a Metropolitan Opera gala.



**MODERN MANNERS** Character actor Eric Roberts impresses his date (*below*).

# Poop

# WHO

**LITTLE CREATURES**

knew that important architects had time to design birdhouses? On the first real Saturday of the summer season, more than 50 architect-designed birdhouses are to be sold at a festive auction to benefit Southampton's Parrish Art Museum. (The little follies will be on exhibit in the Parrish arboretum through July 11.) Inadvisedly, Michael Graves explained his Christopher's Wren House (*below*): "We were interested...in the continuity of the elements of architecture from Wren's time to the present day that charges this project with meaning it might otherwise not have. There is no direct formal reference to Wren, but certainly there was inspiration from his Sheldonian Theater at Oxford, Hampton Court, St. Anne Soho, and perhaps even from the enormously potent voided rondels of St. Paul's." • • • • •



**PICKUP STICKS** *Left:* Ninety-nine-pound Nan Kempner smiles modestly as an overfed admirer examines her *Too Rich and Too Thin* legs during cocktails for the Creo Society.





Englishman. My informants tell me the pair's business partnership may well have improved by several million through commissions alone.

Which I approve of. Basia is spreading the wealth, and because she is, I am willing to go out on a limb and predict that by this time next year Basia will have scaled the social heights reached by Gayfryd Steinberg and Susan Gutfreund. It only takes a lot of money and a willingness to spread it around. You might think me rash, but you don't know my fellow 10021s the way I do. ③

# THE BRANDS TO BEAT

by Joey Green

SELLING

THERE IS WITHIN the advertising business a kind of "gold standard," a standard not perceptible to the untutored eye but one that influences much of the television and print advertising for basic household products. The gold standard in each category of products is the one brand against which, by general consensus, all others are measured. The criteria advertisers use for choosing gold-standard brands can be elusive. Quality may be a factor (Liquid Tide, the gold standard among laundry detergents, is also generally considered to be the best), but often it is immaterial (Budweiser, for instance, is the gold standard among beers). More ambiguous qualities—image, heritage, consistent advertising presence, shrewd marketing, identifiable packaging—combine, in various degrees and unpredictable permutations, to identify the preeminent product. Here, then, are the gold standards in 18 categories:

**TOOTHPASTE:** In the days before mass-

market advertising, the gold standard for toothpaste was baking soda and hydrogen peroxide. These days it is Tartar Control Crest Fresh Mint Gel. When Colgate, the leading toothpaste worldwide, helped cut into Crest's American market share two years ago by introducing "winterfresh gel" toothpaste in a pump, Crest, unable to perfect its own pump, retaliated and rescued its market share by introducing a "tartar control" formula (an essentially meaningless distinction), in both original flavor and fresh mint gel. What's more, Crest was the first toothpaste recommended by the American Dental Association (an organization, by the way, created by Crest's advertising agency).

**CHEWING GUM:** The chewing-gum market is segmented into three categories: sugar, sugarless and chunk. The best-selling gum in each category is, respectively, Doublemint, Trident and Bubblicious. Trident is the gold standard: it has the largest percentage of both sales within its own category and across the board.

**CHILDREN'S BREAKFAST CEREAL:** Sure, it's tooth-numbingly sweet, but Cap'n Crunch has everything a kid's breakfast cereal should have: heavy sugar content, sugary taste, colorful box, consistent advertising, a loopy and easily identifiable spokesman, a free prize inside each specially marked box and a highly inflated price.

**FLAVORED SOFT DRINKS:** Outside the cola industry, where Pepsi is the gold standard (Coke lost ground in the New vs. Classic debacle), Mandarin Orange Slice With 10% Fruit Juices is the soft drink breaking all the marketing rules. While Slice was originally launched in just lemon-lime flavor (competing only against 7Up and Sprite), new Mandarin Orange Slice now outsells Crush and Sunkist, redefining Slice as a line of "healthy" fruit-flavored sodas.

**COOKIES:** Sorry, Oreos are a child-oriented novelty brand. There is only one cookie gold standard: Chips Ahoy! Pure Chocolate Chip Cookies.

**CANDY BARS:** Snickers holds an overwhelming lead in the candy bar market,



because the recipe apparently contains the right combination of peanuts, chocolate and caramel. Milky Way and 3 Musketeers (all three are made by Mars Inc.), the first and second runners-up, follow distantly behind.

**LAUNDRY DETERGENT:** While Tide is the best-selling detergent, Liquid Tide contains the most effective and strongest formula for removing stains, and therefore is one of the few products to be a gold standard by virtue of quality alone.

**COLD REMEDIES:** Contac's tiny time pills (7.6 percent of the market) have established a trusted reputation, but NyQuil (12.7 percent of the market), advertised as "the Nighttime Sniffling Sneezing Coughing Aching Stuffy Head Fever So You Can Rest Medicine," is perceived by consumers as the most potent cold medicine. Containing 25 percent alcohol (that's 50 proof), NyQuil has become all things to all people.

**COUGH DROPS:** With five flavors, both regular and sugar-free, Halls has captured 48 percent of the cough drop market, with Halls Mentho-Lyptus Ice Blue the leading seller. Unlike Smith Brothers or Pine Bros., Halls contains menthol, a first-class anesthetic, which feels like it's clearing your sinuses through to the back of your skull.

**DISPOSABLE RAZORS:** Gillette, the leader in the shaving industry, is perceived by consumers as a macho, all-American company, because it advertises during almost every possible sports show. Bic's disposable razor (which outsells Schick's superior model) follows far behind Gil-



lette's, making the well-packaged Good News! razor the gold standard.

**INSTANT COFFEE:** While Nestlé is the world's leading coffee maker, General Foods dominates the coffee category here in America. Maxwell House, the flagship of General Foods, is blended for a medium taste that appeals to the widest audience. Maxwell House recently reversed the national decline in instant-coffee sales by repositioning itself with commercials starring yuppie-esque actresses Mariel Hemingway and Justine Bateman, meant to promote the possibility of instant sophistication.

**CREDIT CARDS:** If far more people carry Visa and far more businesses worldwide accept Visa, why is Visa always comparing itself with the American Express Gold Card? Because Amex is the gold standard.

**BAR SOAP:** While Lux is the number one soap worldwide, Ivory is the gold standard. "Pure" and "natural," the soap that floats is the soap that is trusted. Of course, Ivory floats because Procter & Gamble pumps it full of air. Which means it lasts half as long as other leading soaps, requiring Ivory users to buy twice as much—perhaps another reason why it outsells every other soap in America.

**ASPIRIN:** The world of aspirin—or rather, the "analgesics universe," as it's known in the trade, is broken into three categories: aspirin (with 46 percent of the market), acetaminophen (also 46 percent) and ibuprofen (the remaining 8 percent). Tylenol, an acetaminophen, has captured 33 percent of the general pain-reliever market, beating sales against all other analgesics with Extra-Strength Tylenol Tablets. Tylenol's ability to bounce back from the tampering scare only served to reinforce its leadership position.

**PANTY HOSE:** "Our L'eggs fit your legs, they hug you, they hold you, they never let you go." By creatively marketing a mediocre product with a unique egg-shaped package and a catchy jingle, L'eggs changed women's buying patterns by making panty hose available in drugstores, supermarkets and convenience outlets.



PAINTED BIRCH/SANDBLASTED GLASS TRAY—NEOPHILE  
PEDESTAL BOWL—CHRIS CONSTANTINI/KATHY YOUNG  
SANDBLASTED STEMWARE—CHRISTINE VAN DER HURD  
PLATINUM EDGED GLASS TRAY—ANN MORHAUSER  
PEWTER/BRASS CANDLEHOLDERS—JOHN ROUTE

## ROGERS-TROPEA, INC.

AMERICAN CRAFTS FOR URBAN LIVING

1351 THIRD AVENUE

NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

212-249-8310

**ICE CREAM:** Made with all-natural Vermont dairy products and packed with very little air, Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream is such a remarkable product that Pillsbury threatened to drop distributors from the Häagen-Dazs roster if they also distributed Ben & Jerry's. Ben & Jerry's started legal proceedings; the case was settled out of court; and Ben & Jerry's Heath Bar Crunch is the new gold standard of ice cream.

**CHEESE:** While Velveeta, Cheez Whiz and Cracker Barrel seem to be forever trying to knock Kraft Singles American Pasteurized Process Cheese Food (16 in-

dividually wrapped slices) out of the spotlight, all these equally appetizing orange-yellow products are produced by Kraft.

**TOILET PAPER:** While not the best toilet paper money can buy, Charmin was the first brand to position itself as a soft toilet tissue, redefining the category and placing Mr. Whipple at the forefront of America's collective consciousness for more than 20 years. Charmin is squeezably soft because air is blown into the weave to make it thicker. Consequently, there are only about 350 sheets in a roll of Charmin, while a bargain brand such as ScotTissue contains 1,000 sheets. ☺



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NEW YORK**

## DON'T FEED THE METER

let the meter feed you in our New, Improved New York. Now you'll really want to cry "Jackpot!" whenever you find a parking space. Because moments after you turn off the ignition and adjust the NO RADIO sign, you'll be playing Park-O-Pot!™, New York's newest, Wingo-iest game of chance. So pull in and reach for the lever: the space is yours to keep as long you're playing the game—or until you win. Out of luck, or quarters? A helpful Parking Violations Bureau tow truck will be dispatched instantly to assist you in making way for someone else to play...and win, win, win. ③

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID DIRCKS





The potential audience for this month's puzzle is unbounded! Something here for mouse buffs, syntax sticklers, Toscaniniphobes, Desperarians, Watergate nostalgists and those with a yen for snake puns. An example of a snake pun is "Knock, knock."

"Who's there?"

"Anaconda."

"Anaconda who?"

"Game called anaconda rain."

Not snake buns. Though people may have snake hips, snakes (since the Fall of Man) do not have buns, and no one makes buns with snake chunks or flavoring in them. Yet.

But above all else, this month's puzzle names names. In every case save one (1), either the clue involves a proper name or the answer is one, or both; or at least the answer involves one. If you're so good at puzzles, figure that sentence out. I would, except I'm more of an idea man.

What is a Desperarian? Whereas desperadoes are eternal optimists, always hoping to be caught and drawn and quartered, Desperarians place their simple faith in 27 Across. Whenever life gives a sign that it is never going to get any better, Desperarians flock into the streets, singing, "Hallelujah, woh-oh-oh; hallelujah, we told you so."

Toscaniniphobes can't stand maestros.

One further note. Thanks to the tireless efforts of many people, not the least of them me, these puzzles have been, to the best of my knowledge, flaw-free. Until April. For 1 Across, "pas ici," the clue should have read, "Sounds almost like Dad's not so difficult, but not here where they eat frogs." The here was omitted. See, where they eat frogs (France), pas ici means "not here." See?

Quick; what was the name of the alcoholic snake in Pogo?

Snively.

—R.B.

## UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

### ACROSS

7. Papaoiledelpam, "cooked" or rearranged, yields *apple pie*, which the last time I looked was as American as, gee, just about anything; and *à la mode*, which is French.

8. ID is proof of age. I have not myself been carded in many years, but recently I was told that I looked awfully young to be out with a woman who looked young enough to be my daughter, which she was. A low joint is a dive. The code word for *d* is *Delta*. *Divided* equals *torn*. In the Mississippi delta, they call a low joint a juke. I was in one once where the clientele was torn between drinking, stretching out a crawfish net and telling me I should give them some money. I didn't linger, since there was no live music. Someone had stabbed the band. I didn't bring my daughter, although I am afraid she would have liked it.

10. *E* is energy; *Able* is *Elba* in retreat, as in "Able was I ere I saw Elba."

11. "Nonwiring Joe" is coffee that doesn't get you wired.

12. Who was Riker, anyway? Once in Brooklyn I physically nabbed a youth whom my daughter, then six, had surprised in the act of going through her mother's purse in her mother's living room. Not seeing any point in (or likelihood of) having him sent to Rikers Island, I—it's a long story. Let me say this: if you expect to get any satisfaction at all out of a youth you have nabbed, don't turn him loose even for a moment. Youths are *fast*.

15. *S* is the abbreviation for *save*, in baseball. *Oho* is *Ohio* without an *i*. Actually Ohio may be ego-free as is. I know I ain't going to be in it anytime soon.

17. *M* is the Roman numeral for 1,000, a grand. Diamonds are ice. Tuffy is Jerry's cousin.

26. This may be an outrageous libel against Toscanini. I don't know. I never met the man. I know how he *looked*, in photographs. He *looked* as though he might have gone into music with an eye to how great he and that hair of his would look in

front of an orchestra. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe conductors never have to pick up after themselves.

### DOWN

1. It may be that schoolmarms today are happy if their charges can string three fairly well spelled words together in any order. And it may be that *schoolmarm* is a sexist term. This puzzle *wants* to be socially responsible. The thing is this: blanket condemnation of the split infinitive has been referred to as "schoolmarmish." Now I've got myself all hot, what with putting schoolmarms and bedcovers in the same sentence. Whatever happened to schoolmarms in cowboy movies? They were so fine. Who



was the last actress to portray a schoolmarm? Mary Steenburgen in *Goin' South*? No, she was a miner. No wonder kids don't learn anything anymore. Miners, today's actresses have to be. The next schoolmarm in a western will probably be a man. Wilford Brimley. No wonder kids fail to really warm up to grammar anymore. Wilford Brimley will probably be the next person in a western to portray someone's Grammer. You will recall that Marlon Brando, in *The Missouri Breaks*, wore a dress. I say Toscanini should have had to do some housework, but I also say there was a certain, I don't know, simplicity in the old roles. I like Mary Steenburgen, though. What has she been doing lately? I hope not just picking up after Malcolm McDowell.

I never thought he was right for her.

2. I believe this is all the Elvises (*SE* lives "wild," or rearranged) who have ever been in anything approaching public life. (Elvis Patterson is a Giant; Elvis Mitchell, a critic; Elvis Stahr Jr., a former secretary of the Army.) I am quietly proud of this list's exhaustiveness, but if any reader knows of another Elvis, I will be willing, though by no means eager, to acknowledge that reader openly. (Hank Rosenfeld of *spy* has already reminded me of former running back Elvis Peacock.) I saw Elvis the King in the coffin, you know.

9. My daughter and I once rode in an elevator with Devo. They didn't have on those weird hats. *Devo* is short for *de-evolution*.

10. James Earl Jones, revived Jack Johnson, the black heavyweight champion who was persecuted for not knowing his place in *The Great White Hope*. James Earl Chaney was one of three civil rights workers murdered in Philadelphia, Mississippi. James Earl Ray assassinated Martin Luther King Jr. Arguably (at any rate I so argued, in my book *Crackers*), the candidacy of James Earl Carter Jr. in 1976 was a revival of the King legacy. Does all this have any place in a puzzle? Where else am I going to put it?

14. Poitier had the title role in *To Sir with Love*. *FF* is *fortissimo*.

18. *LL* is 50-50, which is 2.5 times 20-20. *Ea* is an abbreviation for *each*.

20. What's up is *BO Butte*.

23. The baby boom has been *having* babies lately, right? So in 40 years Baby Boom will be 80 and Baby Boom II will be 40, and the two sets of boomers will be elbowing each other off the covers of newsmagazines. And those of us who have never belonged to any generation will have gone on, at last, to our just reward.

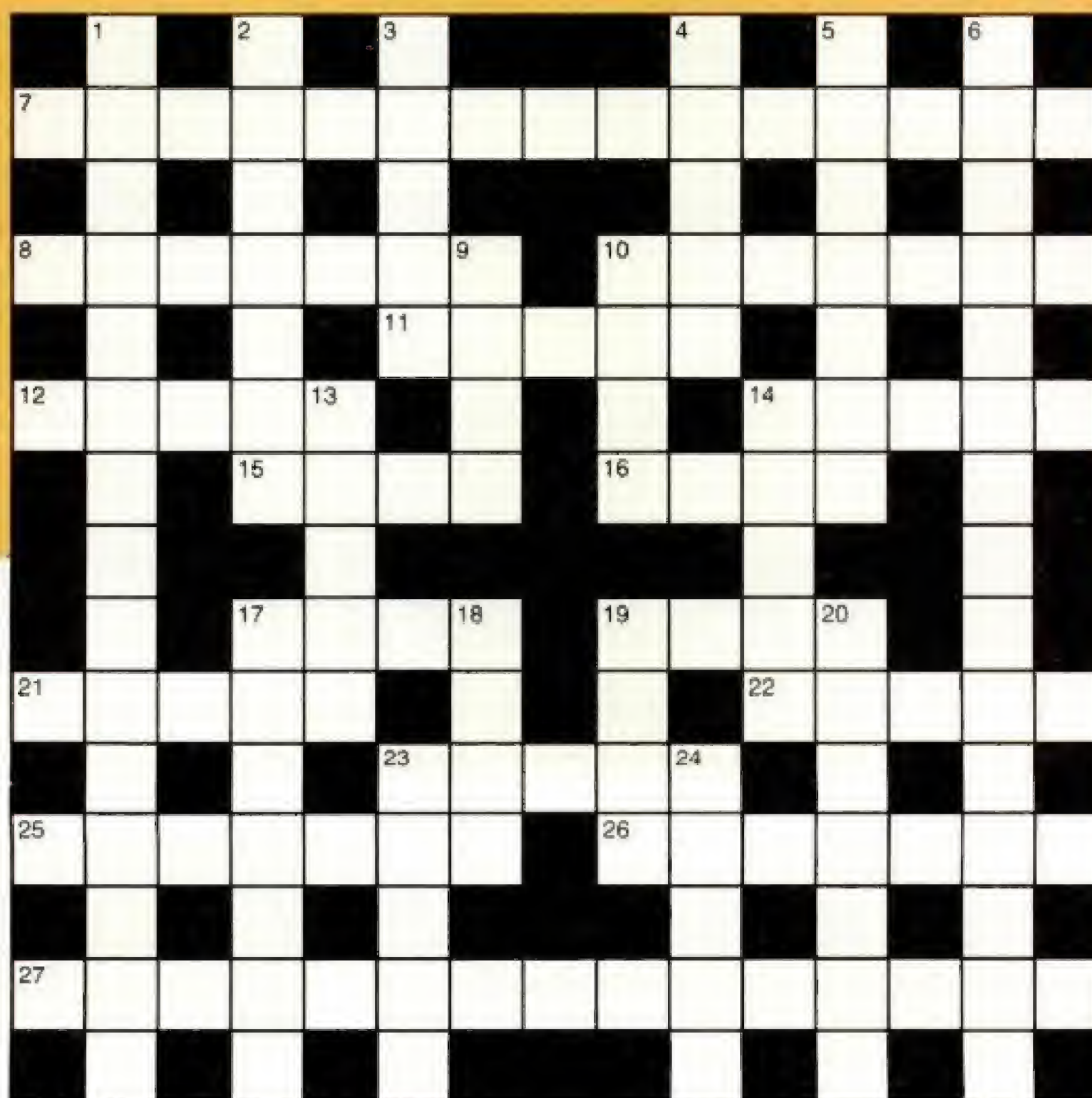
24. Something that goes a great way toward explaining *The Real McCoys* (remember?) and the Reagan Phenomenon. ☺





# THE UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



## ACROSS

7. Papa oiled eel, Pam cooked Franco-American dish (5,3,1,2,4).

8. With proof of age in low joint, Delta is torn (7).

10. With energy fast forward, island retreat can be expressed (7).

11. Faced about to get nonwiring Joe (5).

12. Did he discover island where boys aren't reformed? (5).

14. Sly role of sheep stench (5).

15. Save ego-free state where art's for real estate's sake (4).

16. Patron saint of Obispo? (4).

17. Grand diamonds: Tuffy, Ignatz, Mighty, Minnie (4).

19. Unfair magazine (4).

21. In South, not out where Adam and Eve lived (2,3).

22. Polish guy's out-of-sight stuff (5).

23. Cast had often by Warren Beatty (5).

25. Papa Python got uptight when delivery nurse said this (3,1,3).

26. For whose sake

Toscanini was into art? (7).

27. Not only did the Revolution fizzle, but: no more descent (9,2,4).

## DOWN

1. Schoolmarms can't stand it: like to just die (5,10).

2. Wild southeastern lives: Costello, Patterson, Mitchell, Stahr, the King (7).

3. Up, up into deep shit, Vogel (5).

4. Reggae Jimmy Barnes of Dallas (5).

5. In these you can see the USA faster, even, than these can see Africa (7).

6. Don't shop in these for *Man's Fate* or *Women in Love* (5,10).

9. Rock groups chew dove to take 27 Across further (4).

10. Middling title shared by four Jameses (Carter,

Jones, Ray, Chaney) (4).

13. Leach eats worms (5).

14. Poitier, with love, rises around *loud* characteristic fingerings (5).

17. Mets of '69 produced curdled Long Island cream (7).

18. Two and a half times perfect vision in each singer (4).

19. Turner turns the back way over (4).

20. What's up: stink to high plateau, said Dick to Haldeman (2,2,3).

23. What the baby boom has come to (lot of thieves) (5).

24. Corn is in the American this (5).

*The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 63.*



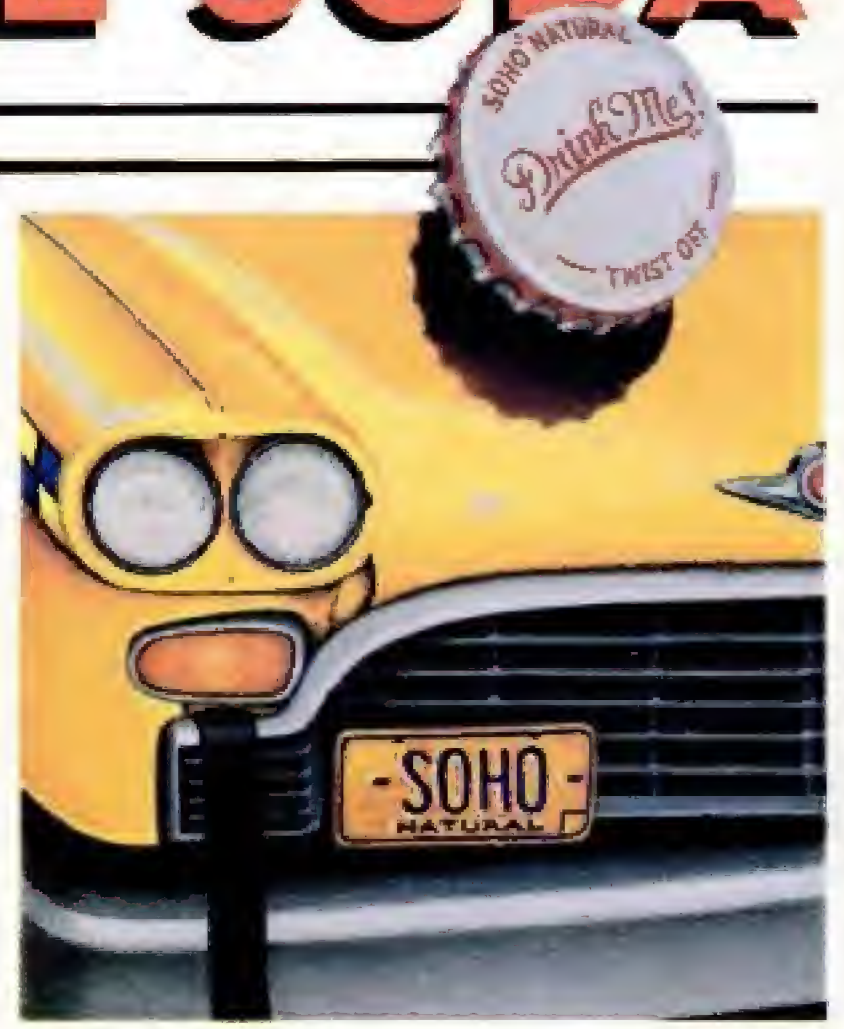


WELL, AT AROUND \$20 A BOTTLE, THE GLENLIVET Scotch whisky can be a little bit of a stretch for some people. But don't forget, The Glenlivet has been made in the same unique way since 1747. And it is a 12-year-old single malt Scotch with unsurpassed smoothness and character. And remember that if by some unfortunate change in your circumstances The Glenlivet seems even more unattainable, keep trying. Twenty dollars might keep you in Scotch for a lifetime.

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# SOHO NATURAL SODA



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